

POEMS

BY

ALLAN ROSS

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1907
c.3

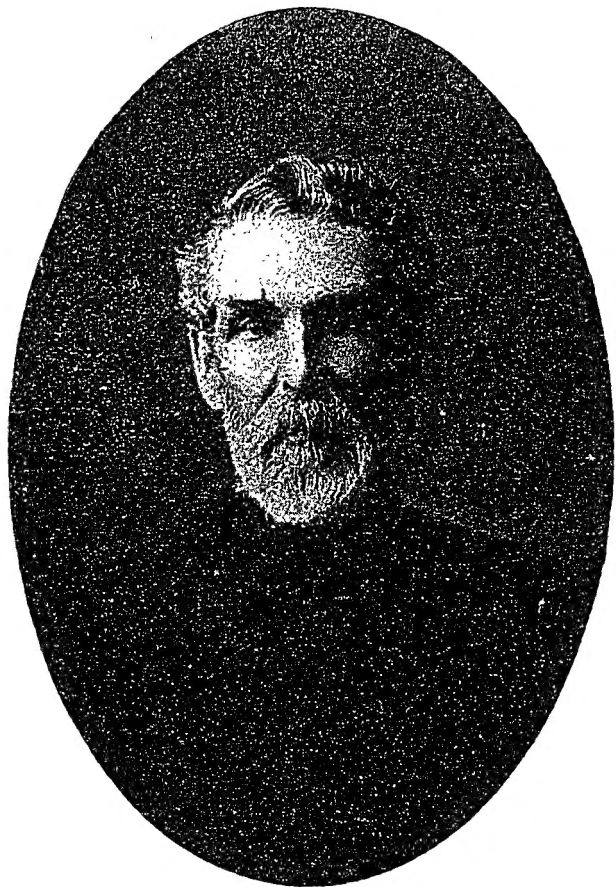
ERRATA.

- Page 16, stanza 4, read "Art kneeling . . ."
" 23, " 3, read "An' felled doon . . ."
" 40, " 9, read "... among yourselves."
" 51, " 3, read "The simmer's gaily . . ."
" 51, " 7, read "Wha frae the kirk . . ."
" 56, " 3, read "Altho' it hauds . . ."
" 67, " 7, read "And said he'd 'be a
dollar'."
" 95, " 5, read "We felled the forest . . ."
" 137, " 9 should precede stanza 8.

Car. Ross, Allan

Allan Ross





MR. ALLAN ROSS.

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**TREHERNE,
THE TREHERNE TIMES
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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

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Allan Ross was born at Currie, five miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 21st, 1833, and came with his parents to Galt, in the province of Ontario, in July 1835. Being a baker by trade, his father set up in business at Preston and prospered, until the Mac-kenzie Rebellion broke out during the winter of 1837-38, when he was one of the volunteers who took up arms as a watch guard in anticipation of night attacks from the rebels.

The close of the rebellion was followed by severe stagnation in all lines of trade, and dull times were keenly felt during the years '38 and '39. In the spring of '38 the family moved to a farm of two hundred acres two miles east of Preston, where they remained till the spring of 1844. Then a second move was made into the wild bush lands on the shores of Georgian Bay, a journey of over one hundred miles being made mostly through a comparative wilderness. The city of Owen Sound was then the village of Sydenham, a rude hamlet of about half a score of log-built dwellings, situated on the Sydenham River a mile south of the entrance to the bay.

Five miles from the village, on the rising slopes east of the bay the new home was set up. There on the tenth day of May, 1844, the first tree was felled in a dense forest on the prospective homestead. This act was the starting point of years of hard toil, self-denial, privations and luxuries largely in the anticipatory stages.

During the year 1848 the first secular school in the neighborhood was opened—the first that had ever been within a reasonable distance of the author during his years of "school age."

At the age of fifteen he was brought face to face with the problem that confronts every young man.

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What was he going to do with himself? Should he go to school or not? He had been a tolerably fair reader, but had scantily touched the other elementary branches. After a hard battle with indecision, the young man, contrary to the advice given him, decided not to go to school, being swayed that way by the consideration of his physical proportions and his mental independence. He stood six feet in his stockings and weighed 164 pounds, and he almost worshipped his axe which he could wield with most men. Moreover he wished to have it to say that he never was indebted a cent to any one for his schooling.

However, thanks to his father and mother who were both well educated, the former having attended the High School in Edinburgh, a home school was opened for the big scholar noons and evenings. Under his father's tuition the home pupil made good progress in his studies and, with the exception of penmanship, held his own in comparison with his brothers who were attending the public school. This continued for two or three years, chiefly during winter, until the home scholar left the parental roof-tree for good, going to Galt to engage as an apprentice in a carpentering and cabinet factory. He had now learned enough to know the value of an educational equipment and to realize that he had made a mistake in not going to school. A life exceeding the allotted span of three score and ten years has taught him that mentally and socially the unlettered man is handicapped in the multitudinous battles of life, and that for the making of all-round men and women there is no better foundation than an education in the public schools.

In September 1853 the author removed from Galt to Owen Sound where, as a journeyman carpenter, he aided in the construction of the Owen Sound jail and the Leith Distillery. He followed the business of carpentering and building for the next five years, among other works constructing for his father an oatmeal mill near Leith. The elder man, failing to find his ideal Scot as miller—of course none but a Scot could turn out good oatmeal—installed his carpenter son as head miller. In this most useful pursuit success crowned our author's efforts from the very first, and for the next eleven years he ground and shipped meal

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to many parts of Canada, to New York and even to Edinburgh, Scotland. The chief difficulty he encountered was to secure sufficient oats to make it pay. During these eleven years the author's knowledge of men and things was more broadened out than it has been during all his remaining years put together.

Being appointed librarian of the school district library, he struck a literary bonanza in the works of a number of the world's noted authors, such as Gibbon's Rome, Shakespeare's complete works, Dick's Complete Works, Chalmers' Commercial and Astronomical Discourses, Encyclopedia of English Literature, Josephus, Carlyle, Burns, Byron, Pope's Iliad, Buchanan's History of Scotland, Dwight's Theology, Spurgeon's Sermons and Macaulay's History of England. These were all eagerly read, many of them re-read and digested, Macaulay's History coming in for several readings and being the means of settling the author's political principles. This course of reading vastly improved and enriched his mind.

The subject of this sketch married Christiana Reid at Annan, May 25, 1857. They have been blessed with eleven children, eight sons and three daughters, of whom six sons and one daughter are living. The family came to Manitoba in July, 1888, and settled first at Dugald, fifteen miles east of Winnipeg, removing to Treherne, their present home in August, 1892. After coming west, Mr. Ross engaged in contracting and building for two years, and subsequently, in conjunction with his son, conducted a butcher shop for six years in the little town of Treherne. He was appointed clerk of the County Court in 1896 and held the position for nine years.

From boyhood the author's propensity to rhyme had been very strong, but it was rarely indulged in until he had reached the age of twenty, when he gave vent in satirical verse to his dislike of what seemed to be hypocrisy and inconsistency among professing Christians. Since then enough has been written, printed and destroyed to make a volume of four hundred pages. Though frequently advised to collect his verses into a volume, the author has hitherto refrained. In now submitting his work to the public, he trusts that no one will take offence at satirical ex-

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pressions which have sprung from his dislike of certain traits in our fallen humanity. In conclusion Mr. Ross desires to express his gratitude to friends for their counsel and encouragement; to Rev. D. Robertson for reading the manuscripts; to Messrs. H. W. Reeves, Dr. T. J. Lamont and G. A. Anderson for aiding in the distribution of the book; and to the present Editor of The Treherne Times for assisting him in preparing the manuscripts for the press.

Treherne, Man., June 1907.

The Queen's Jubilee of 1897.

What makes the world rejoice to-day,
With mingled joy and tears?
Because our Queen has worn a crown
Unsullied fifty years;

With joy, because her brilliant reign
Has polished every gem
That sparkles in that Royal crown,
Earth's fairest diadem;

With tears, because her noble reign
Must shortly bid farewell,
And leave behind an aching void
For one we love so well.

God grant that when her reign is o'er,
Ere sets her glorious sun,
The parting rays may leave behind
A halo round her son;

That England's kings and England's queens,
Who yet shall rule the state,
May realize that only they,
The good, alone are great.

Turn, husbandmen, your beasts of toil
Into the meadows green,
And let your servants, old and young,
In merry groups convene.

Let Commerce loose her grasping fist,
And artisans go free,
To join the tillers of the soil,
And swell the Jubilee.

Make cannon roar from every fort,
From citadel and tower,
And herald in the auspicious morn,
When comes the dawning hour.

Let Gibraltar's thousand guns
With ponderous throats disclose
The glory of old England's crown,
The terror of her foes.

And thou, Quebec, the next of kin
To war's redoubted sons,
Re-echo back a grand response
With your five hundred guns.

Let Eloquence, with tongue sublime,
Delight the listener's ears,
With noble deeds our queen has done
Within these sixty years.

Let vocal anthems fill the choir,
And bands of brazen sheen
Re-echo in orchestral halls,
God bless our noble queen.

Let Affluence, with liberal hand,
Fling wide her larder door,
And feed the needy, humble poor,
From her abundant store;

That not one subject of our queen,
Whose reign extends so far
The sun ne'er ceases on to shine,
Nor yet the twinkling star,

Go hungry on the grandest day
The world e'er saw but one,
That ushered in the grand descent
Of God's incarnate son.

Let not the evening shades prevail
To check the celebration,
When nature fails let art advance
A huge illumination.

Make all aglow with bonfires' flash
On mountain summits high;
Electric lights and torches flare,
And rockets pierce the sky.

And reproduce in miniature
On Bethlehem's ancient plain
That glorious light, midst angels' song,
That set the Heavens aflame.

From thence great Britain's glory sprang;
The gospel is the key,
Or guiding star that led the way,
And makes her great and free;

The glory of her free-born sons,
Of her daughters, too, has been,
The glory of her "grand old men,"
The glory of her queen;

The glory of her soldiers brave,
When on the battle field;
The glory of her statesmen wise,
Thrown round her for a shield;

The glory of her seamen bold,
With Union Jack unfurled;
The glory of her colonies,
The glory of the world.



Memorial Hymn.

O Lord! as we Thy people do
Within Thy house convene,
To lay our sorrows at Thy feet
In memory of our queen,

Accept our grateful thanks, O Lord,
For all that she has been;
To Thee alone, O God, belongs,
The goodness of our queen.

And while we mourn a nation's loss,
On Thee we sorely lean,
Upon Thy promises while we
Do mourn an absent queen.

Help us to see beyond the veil,
A city robed in green,
Where on a grander, nobler throne
Reigns Britain's living queen!

Grant that the mantle of Thy grace,
Our queen so nobly won,
May fall from Heaven. Thy dwelling place,
Upon her royal son!

That he may rule a people great,
Thy wisdom, Lord, impart
To him with this Thy highest gift,
His mother's loving heart.



Victoria Day.

Again the silent wheels of time
Have ushered in the day,
That all true Britons hail with joy,
The twenty-fourth of May;

The time when nature lavishly
Spreads out her mantle green,
She made a grand selection for
The birthday of our queen.

Nature revives, the seasons come,
As they have ever been;
"The day" all glorious has returned
But, ah, without our queen.

The lovely tenement is gone,
And hid from mortal eye;
Indelible on memory's page
Her spirit hovers nigh.

God saved our gracious queen,
Long lived our noble queen,
God saved the queen,
Sent her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God saved the queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
Thou wert well pleased to pour;
Long did she reign;
And well defend our laws
And ever gave us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the queen.



Victoria The Good.

A nation mourns a nation's loss,
And strong men shed a tear
O'er noble womanhood enshrined
Within the silent bier.

Our noble queen has passed away,
The saintly, good and wise ;
She is not dead, but entered life,
For goodness never dies.

She lived to love, she reigned in love,
And scattered love abroad ;
Her throne in righteousness she kept,
In daily touch with God.

Though masculine in strength of mind—
A trait that's not uncommon—
She ne'er in life presumed to verge
Beyond the sphere of woman.

Each shining gem in Britain's crown
Grew brighter as she reigned,
Like her, in spotless purity,
Unsullied and unstained.

In history's page, beyond compare;
She peerless stands alone,
The grandest Monarch ever sat
Upon a sceptred throne.

A mother in the truest sense,
That nature's laws define,
A wife with all perfections fraught,
A queen by right divine.

She dignified her sisterhood,
By lifting womankind,
Up to a higher attitude,
In body and in mind.

With queenly dignity she ruled,
O'er three and sixty years;
Small wonder that she now has left
A nation bathed in tears.

The Coronation.

The mightiest Empire to the end,
The mightiest ever seen,
Invites all nations to attend
The crowning of her king.

Again is Britain all aglow
As oft she's been amain;
On many a national overflow,
Of pleasure and of pain.

At times beneath the clash of arms,
'Gainst an internal foe;
O'ershadowed 'neath wild war alarms,
The national pulse beat low.

Anon a wave of ecstasy,
Borne on the Island breeze;
The Great Armada vanquished by
The mistress of the seas.

To folly's national suicide,
She long has bade adieu;
And won, as Britons, side by side,
On many a Waterloo.

Great Britain nothing does by flights,
On either land or seas;
Unequalled are her solemn rites,
Whole souled her Jubilees.

Again the Empire's heart is pained,
And plunged in solemn gloom;
While grandest Monarch ever reigned,
Is laid within the tomb.

Great Britain's greatness is no myth,
By some chance thrower hurled;
But built upon foundations, with
A circle around the world.

A realm so vast, King Edward reigns,
O'er seas and oceans far;
On which the daylight never wanes;
Nor yet the twinkling star.

Best hated people, all allow,
And most respected nation;
When Britain nods, the nations bow
In jealous admiration.

Enthron'd amidst the glittering sheen,
Of splendors, far renowned,
King Edward and his lovely queen
Are ready to be crowned.

Emperors and kings come o'er the seas,
Elite of every nation;
E'en from the far antipodes,
To grace the Coronation.

And as the curtain lifts, behold
Them kneeling at the shrine;
Bewildered at the human hold,
On things so near divine.

A shimmering sea of glory threw
A brilliance that outshone
Aught ever art designed to view
Around an earthly throne.

Great Britain's greatness does not rest
On battle axe or sword;
Great Britain's greatness solely rests
On God's own holy word.

So free to all, without a bar,
The gospel is the key,
The lamp, the light, the guiding star,
That made her great and free.

The glory of her free born sons,
And of her daughters, been
The glory of her aged ones,
The glory of her king.

The glory of her soldiers brave,
Upon the battle field,
The bulwark of her statesmen grave,
Thrown round her for a shield.

The glory of her seamen bold,
With Union Jack unfurled,
The glory of her colonies,
The glory of the world.



Our Canada, "The Land of the Free."

Let sages write and poets sing,
In prose and measured line,
In eulogistic efforts grand,
In honor of their native land,
The finest of the fine ;
All Canada has got to do,
Is spread her country out to view.

If bigness constitutes a plea,
To boast a nation's worth,
Let Canada her chest expand,
Her giant arms fling o'er the land,
As far as she can girth,
For all that she has got to do,
Is spread her bigness out to view.

Her boundless belt of richest soil,
Her mineral wealth unfurled,
Her forests too that stretch afar,
Towards northern and the western star,
The finest in the world ;
Here Canada has nought to do,
But spread her riches out to view.

Let awe-inspiring grandeur speak,
From "Rocky Mountain height,"
Where mountain goats on rocky peak,
Like specks on the meridian break,
Beyond the sportsman's sight ;
Here Canada has nought to do,
But spread her wonders out to view.

Her streams and cataracts excel
: In magnitude and worth ;
Niagara's greatness looms afar,
Gigantic cataractal star,
The wonder of the earth,
And all that she requires to do,
Is heave her bosom out to view.

In beauty's realm fair Canada,
When decked in robes of green,
Her variegated foliage grand,
O'er hill and dale and ocean's strand
Reigns beauty's peerless Queen.

The grandest heritage we claim
Rests on our moral code ;
Our highest glory and renown
Is loyalty to Britain's crown,
To Britain's King and God.

Then hurrah! hurrah! for Canada,
On a gigantic scale,
We'll drink a health to Canada,
And her good King, His Majesty,
In Adam's purest ale.



The Love of Country.

I love our Canada,
Because of "Home Sweet Home ;"
Home, father chopped out of the forest
wild,

In days when I was but a little child,
With vast primeval forest trees,
'Tween Atlantic and Pacific seas.

I love our Canada,
Because the light Divine
That's waning dim in various other parts,
Still holds with us in many hearts,
Who manifest its quick'ning sway,
By honoring the Sabbath day.

I love our Canada,
Because that freedom reigns
Supreme from ocean unto ocean's strand ;
O'er inland seas and veldts of fertile land,
With towns and cities dotted o'er,
And busy marts 'tween shore and shore.

I love you Canada,
Because you are a child
Of our great mother on the other side,
We all respect with honest loyal pride ;
Her ensign flutters in the breeze,
Great Britain! mistress of the seas.

I love our Canada,
Because her laws are good,
And fairly well enforced, yet there is room
For much improvement, ay, and also room
For better men to rule the state ;
Men who covetousness do hate.

I love our Canada,
Because her air's so pure,
Invigorating, and profusely good
In building up strong man and womanhood;
Not to the muscles only all confined,
But with a clear, far reaching mind.

I love you Canada,
Because you are so big ;
Though undeveloped is your far flung
girth,
Encircling more than third way round the
earth;
But in the natural course of time,
Will come your full fledged national prime.

God bless our Canada ;
In graces that excel,
May righteousness and truth a bulwark be,
Thrown round her for a shield, on land and
sea,

And keep her always in the van
Of "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Prophetic Fulfilment.

'I hear the coming wash of people yet to be.'—John Greenleaf Whittier, in "Voyageurs of the Sea" or the "Bells of St. Boniface," written about thirty years ago.

Prophetic bard, the tidal wave,
With far flung muffled roar,
At length has broken on our strand,
And far afield out o'er the land
The deluge on does pour.

From every compass 'neath the sun,
Huge vessels foam the crest,
All human laden, in the wake
O'er ocean wide or inland lake,
All heading for the west.

A heterogeneous combination,
Of varied ranks and stations,
And national costumes, tastes and hues,
The reticent and the profuse,
Converging from all nations.

The fair Caucasian in the van,
Among the national masses;
The olive Asiatic's claim
Comes second on the roll of fame,
In "Blumenback's" five classes.

The miscellaneous national breeds
Are dumped upon our shores ;
Galicians, Belgians, Armenians,
Italians, Greeks, Abyssinians,
Russians and Doukhobors.

The sable Ethiopian, too,
Proclaims himself aloud ;
'Mong Scandinavians, Persians, Jews,
Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos,
Augment the motley crowd.

The verbose Frank, gesticulating,
Clad in his native blouse,
The canny Scot, with doric broad,
Along the streets does mutely plod,
Wi' muckle tacketts i' his shoes.

Of England's 'Arry, remittance proud,
Or by indulgence spoiled,
Said Patrick from the verdant land,
"Begorra Mike, luk at his hands
The boy's sure never tiled."

And myriads from across the line
Are surging in the "boom ;"
As when the foam of ocean's crest
Is merged within her ample breast,
So are they merged in Canada,
And still there's lots of room.

Our pressing needs are honest men,
To man our ship of state,
Men who to graft shun and despise,
Men who'll give us woman's franchise,
And covetousness do hate.



Home.



Home is an old, old heritage,
Bequeathed from heaven above,
A rich parterre of rare perfume ;
And decked in everlasting bloom
Of God's infinite love.

Home was established so remote,
In date beyond recall,
And was divinely set aside
The day that Adam got his bride,
And older than the fall.

Down through the ages home has reigned,
Supreme in doing good,
Ruled by the unseen hand above,
Guiding a scepter bathed in love,
Enshrined in motherhood.

Home is the birthplace of the soul,
The spirit's nursing ground ;
On mother's knee the infant's head,
And round the family altar spread,
Do heavenly plants abound.

'Tis in the tender years that God,
In his eternal plan,
Does stamp forever on the clay
The bent of thought to largely sway
The future of the man.

And though to all appearance void
Of life within the soul,
The boy may quit the parent home,
(And deep in sin afar may roam)
But not the home control.

As years may come and years may go
In some outlandish place,
Arrested on sin's mad career
The germ may bloom and he appear
A monument of grace.

And home though humble does contain
The mightiest throne on earth ;
'Tis home that makes the truly great ;
The sure foundation of the state,
There goodness has its birth.

Home is the fountain of earth's joys,
The river of her tears,
There love's most tender tie surrounds,
And youthful ecstasies abound,
There droop declining years.

'Tis home where happiness replete
Obtains hope's topmost stride ;
There love first steals the fragrant kiss,
And hymen joins in wedlock's bliss
The bridegroom and the bride.

Against those bright and sunny days,
Home has her sad to-morrows,
In breaking up the loved abode,
Ev'n Hymen's festive joys forbode
Tears shed o'er parting sorrows.

Auld Hame O' the Hill.

Sydenham's braes are bonnie, it is true,
Whar Georgian's waters lave
That spot abune a' ithers
I'll mind aye till the grave,
Haps memory in its quiet repose
And keeps it sleepin' still,
And that was yince our ain hame
That stands upon the hill.

'Twas there that faither lichted on
The first grund a' his ain,
Syne we had crossed on "Roger Stewart"
The deep saut brinnie main ;
'Twas there our mither toiled sae sair
Tae keep us clad an well ;
Hoo plainly I can see her yet
In the auld hame o' the hill.

'Twas there we a' thegither dwelt
An' fallen doon mony a tree ;
O' laddies there were seven,
O' lassies there were three.
On ilka morn an' ilka nicht,
Nae matter wha was there,
A psalm was sung, a chapter read,
An' faither offered prayer.

But time's fleet wing that nane can haud
Keep't flappin' onward till
Soon yin by yin it bare us aff
Frae the auld hame o' the hill ;
Sae noo we're scattered far an' wide
Ower mountain, stream an' seas,
Yin alane does noo reside
I' the far Antipodes.

Gie me a' places I hae been,
The void they canna fill,
I wad maist cheerfu gie them a'
For th' auld hame o' the hill ;
But sic a thing can never be
On earth tae mortals given.
An auld hame yince when broken up
Maun be restored in heaven.

How The New Year Was Ushered In.

In The Early Days at Annan.

When on December thirty-first
We'd all retired to rest,
The new year it would soon be in,
Of secular days the best.

Our shanty stood back from the road,
About six hundred feet,
Surrounded by the forest wild,
In nature's garb complete.

Our first sleep of the night had passed ;
'Twas in the morning hours
There came a sound like echoing blast,
That tells of threat'ning showers.

With bated breath we seemed to hear
Promiscuous shouts and yells,
And 'midst the din we could discern
Discordant horns and bells.

"The Indians are abroad," we said,
"With scalping knife and bow ;
Ere morning we may all be dead,
And buried in the snow."

Father and mother urged us to
Keep quiet and let them shout,
As they seemed to have an inkling
Of what they were about.

But for our breeches we did grab
As slam-bang went the door,
And our neighbors by the dozen
Filed in upon the floor.

On the frame of an A-shaped harrow,
Requisitioned for the splore,
They carried a man right round the room,
Then pitched it to the door.

All were armed with a "Nancy Dawson"

As "Wattie" named the lot,
And he who had no bottle took
A tea or coffee pot.

They ferreted through every nook
And cranny in a blink,
And no denial would they brook,
For old and young must drink.

They sang Scotch songs, they danced stag
reels,
The horn pipe and strathspey,
When "Howick for ever" shouted one,
As they all fled away.

"Wullie Wulson" named the bottles,
Tea pots and coffee too ;
But as we don't remember all,
We'll give you all we do.

First there was Dugal Dalgettie;
Another was "the sow's tail;"
The next he named "Auld Jamie Beattie,"
And then came "Tobie-pin-tail;"

The fourth was "Simon-Saddle-Goose,"
And "Jennie Rin'Er-Oot,"
And Andra's "Big-Bellied-Sluice,"
Geordie's was the "Sow's-Snoot."

They told the father he must come,
"We mak nae discriminations,
We're a' John Tamson's bairns the night,
In every neuk an' station."

Father plead on his deaconship,
And begged to be passed by,
But found it futile, as a gnat
To grapple with a fly ;

Was plainly told to go on foot,
Or mount Old Geordie's harrie,
As we've got nothing better for't,
Not ev'n a wheel barrie.

26. HOW THE NEW YEAR WAS USHERED IN

So with a bottle in each hand,
He sitting on the bars,
They struck a bee line through the bush
For Dugald Mac McCarr's.

Being just entered in my teens,
The venture I did make,
To track the bedlamitic squad,
And followed in their wake.

Mac's door was unceremoniously
Swung inwards on the floor,
And the hilarious, boisterous throng
Filed shouting through the door.

Egyptian darkness reigned within,
Pandemonium let loose ;
It really was an awesome din
Within a dwelling house.

Above them a' a yelping voice
Kept constantly repeating,
"Whar i'st the Mooth? whar is't the
Mooth?
Easten, are ye sleepin'?"

But Mrs. Easten called a halt,
And in no-mild refrain,
"Mercy me," she yelled right out,
"Ye'll smither up the wean."

When daylight opened out the view,
As down the road they sped,
Two women found a man so fu'
He could not lift his head.

Poor Sam had got his recompense,
Still clinging to his bottle,
But so immured in Lamb's brush fence
He could not wet his throttle.

His comrades only laughed and said
'Twas hymen's pruning knife,
To lop him down to common sense,
When he would get a wife.

But how it fared with all the rest,
Their wives would never say;
W'll try and get them to confess't
And gie't some ither day.



Omen Sound in 1844.

In eighteen hundred and forty-four,
And on the first of May,
Quietly nestling in the sunshine
The village of Sydenham lay.

O'ershadow'd with primeval wilds
Of forests towering high,
Affording but a zenith view
Of Heaven's bright azure sky.

'Twas Sabbath, but no Sabbath bell
Announced the hour of prayer;
But forest bells and vocal birds
Made music everywhere.

The villagers, on stumps and knolls,
Sat chatting here and there,
Eyeing the log heaps burning off,
A garden to prepare.

A log hotel on Union Street,
It was the rendezvous,
Where old and young met to discuss
And hear the latest news.

And here the maxim will apply,
That commonly proves true;
That "Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

A happy thought suggested was
To pass the time away;
"Come let us go," said one, "and have
A sail out on the bay."

So landlord, agent and two chums,
They did without delay
Get all aboard the agent's yacht,
That in the river lay.

The agent's daughter, Betsy, they
Invited her to go;
But with true maiden modesty
She frankly answered no.

Then down the Sydenham river
The hopeful quartette sped,
'Neath boughs of spreading cedars formed
In archway overhead.

"A joyful sail we're getting lads,"
Said the helmsman to his fellows,
As the yacht began to dance upon
The rippling little billows.

Ah, little recked the speaker, when
Those hopeful words were spoken,
Life's journey was so soon to close,
The spell so nearly broken.

Still onward sped the gallant craft
Before the fresh'ning breeze;
Anon the prow began to lurch
Among the choppy seas.

The "rushes" she soon quickly passed,
Wet by the dashing spray;
Like meteor on the wings of death,
Shot out into the bay.

And suddenly met a squall that blew
From off the western shore,
That struck the all-unwary craft
And rolled her o'er and o'er.

Three times the yacht turned round and
round,
Among the billows hoar;
The frantic crew, with voices loud,
For help they did implore.

The Indians did from Newash hear
The sad despairing yell,
Ran to the beach and in a trice
Did launch their birchen shell.

Jim Wawbitick and Newash bold
Dashed o'er the seething wave,
Their dark eyes flashing with intent
The white men's lives to save.

Skilled in the art, most dexterously,
Their paddles they did ply,
Till with the passing shadows they
Did really seem to vie.

Anon they reached the tossing bark,
And only three still there
Clung to the wreck in death's firm grasp,
The picture of despair.

The fourth, the only swimmer 'mong
The all unhappy four,
Had passed beyond earth's narrow bound
To the eternal shore.

The feeblest of the three was stretched,
Within the frail canoe;
And as a raft is towed astern
Were saved the other two.



Scottie's Adieu to the Pipe



Adieu, auld pipe, tho' wi a swither,
We lang hae been fast friens thegither,
In social glee;
An' comforts had 'tween ane anither.
'Twas plain tae see.

With you I never seemed tae tire
E'en whan I rose tae licht the fire
One match wad do;
I didna let the low expire
Till't lichted you.

An' than the muse in rich effusion
Fairly gushed at your intrusion
To lead the way;
Ideas rushed in vast profusion
An' soared away,

Up thro' the lifts such visions grand,
Wi' glimpses o' the better land,
Beauties unfurled,
Were turned as wi' a magic wand
E'en in this world.

Tho' mony a time ye made me grave,
Tae think I was yer humble slave,
Beyond remede;
An' wad be till within the grave
Was laid my heid.

Till a' unseen ye got a trip,
Frae that fell chiel they ca' La Grippe,
Wha e'er he be;
He gied yer haun an unco slip,
An' let me free.

But for the sake o' friendship's graith,
Fling slurs at you I wad be laith,
Plain truth tae tell;
I never thocht a smoker's breath
Had sic a smell.

Until one's nasal organs cleared,
O' poisonous nicotine besmeared,
Than, like tae choke,
He shuns the verra course he steered,
'Mang ither folk.

For ilka Sabbath at the kirk,
One micht as well be near a stirk,
Full o' stink weed;
As thole the 'bacca breaths that lurk,
Aboot yer heid.

An' chewin', tho' it's keepit hidden,
Think o' a mooth turned tae a midden,
An' that forsooth,
That men will crunch stuff sae forbidden,
Within their mooth.

I ne'er can see hoo ony Miss
Frae sic a source can tak a kiss
An' wouldna scunner,
Or seek some means to get redress—
Is a big winner.

Go tell the 'bacca chewin' loot
That his ain place is 'mang the noot,
Or in the wud;
Or some low den will better suit
Tae chew his cud.



Sydenham's Braes Are Bonnie.



Sydenham's braes are bonnie,
Where Georgian's waters lave,
'Twas there, unkenned by onie,
Our plighted hand we gave.

'Twas in September and the night
Was beautiful and mild,
A silvery moon with shimmering light
The fleeting hours beguiled.

The old folk early did retire,
To waken in a fright,
Caused by the blazing from a fire.
In the middle of the night.

Fanned by the rising, balmy breeze,
The smouldering embers broke
Right out into a flaming blaze
That cleared away the smoke.

"Gang off an' warn the neibors oot,
Tae come and watch the fire,
Tack tent o' what ye are about,
Rab's dog sleeps in the byre."

My lassie was their only bairn,
And it had come to pass,
It taxed one sorely to discern
Between the lad and lass.

It mattered naught to her at all,
Whether in or out of doors,
At making pants or playing ball
Or doing up the chores.

She was not what you'd call a blonde,
'Tween rose and lily met,
But something far away beyond
A rosy cheeked brunette.

Just what we wanted, what cared we
For either dogs or fire,
Though it should run o'er all the lea
And burn Rab's dog and byre.

Linked in each other's arms we set
Out on our thoughtless errand,
As it was clear no danger yet
Was from the fire apparent.

We took our time and little speed
Was made with muffled een,
So sometimes we fell on our heed
Whiles rowein on the green.

For 'tween the stumps an' cradle knowes
It was nae the best gangin',
'Mang glowerin kye and bleatin' yowes
Ower muckle stanes gae bangin'.

Altho we tried wi a' oor nicht
Tae steer right for Rab's yeat,
We somehow failed tae keep on stricht,
And hae nae got there yet.

But syne we fand auld Mr. Reid
 Thrang howkin roon the loo,
 Wha teld us we'd cam better speed
 Wi' yin instead o' two.

The gowke had he but kenn'd hoo muckle
 O' wooin we had duin,
 'Twad made him girn in place o' chuckle
 'Tae lose his bairn sae suin.

We told him we thought Rab had fled,
 If we were not mistaken,
 Or was so sound asleep in bed
 Our shouting could not waken.

He ordered us get buckets each,
 Nae mair o' this tamfoo-in;
 Go carry water frae the leech,
 Ye've had enough o' wooin'.

We had to yield and did comply,
 But soon got ample warning;
 Sure as a rosy eastern sky
 Preludes the dawn of morning.

Syne took my bearins frae the chart
 Sae blythsome an' sae cheerie,
 And took the road wi' leel licht heart,
 Bid farewell tae my dearie.

And now we're one by human law,
 And Heaven's high decree,
 May Cupid round us closer draw
 Old hymen's watchful e-e!

If we take aught up in our flight
 Into the world so misty,
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 A-playing pranks wi' Christie.



Miss Canada Among the Poets.

Dear Miss Canada, kindly say
Where you will have us go to-day,
Whether at home or far away
O'er your domain,
To catch the muse in happy lay
And glad refrain.

We've sung your praises for so long,
In songs and ballads we'd prolong,
When we were vigorous, young and strong,
We eulogized.
Your wealth and graces in a song
Up to the skies;

With every mountain, hill and glen,
Inland sea and level plain,
Great rivers flowing to the main,
Both east and west,
With ocean palaces amain
Borne on their crest.

To your vast cataracts we've raised
United voices, and have praised;
Your great Niagara has amazed
The wide world o'er,
When on the awful plunge they gazed
And heard the roar.

Ofttimes we've stayed the muse's hand,
With nothing further to expand,
'Tween Hudson's straits and Erie's strand
In latitude,
'Tween Halifax and Rupert's land
In longitude.

How oft our ardor has been cooled,
And by your vastness over-ruled;
In new discoveries we've been schooled
That sink the past,
In insignificance befooled
With realms so vast.

A new phalanx of bards, "Dear Grace,"
Have risen up to take our place,
And spread your vastness on apace;
 'Tis with a sigh
That we do sadly turn our face
 And say "good by."

But ere we go 'twill interest thee
To know whence is thy pedigree,
Who dandled thee first on his knee
 Esthetically,
The source, the birth, if bond or free,
 Politically.

Your birth, Dear Madam, we can quote
Of British parentage remote,
To when the Mayflower was afloat
 Before the breeze;
'Mong "Pilgrim Fathers" you were brought
 Across the seas.

In grandsire's day your "brother John"
Fell out with the "old folks at home"
'Bout taxes or something therefrom:
 Duty on tea
Methinks brought on th' impending storm
 On land and sea.

And sad, as history relates,
The old folks fell beneath the fates,
And found themselves outside the gates
 In numbers few;
A nation called "United States"
 Appeared in view.

Still with the old folks in command,
Resolved to make another stand,
Took up their quarters on your strand,
 And put to flight
Your kinsmen, a disordered band,
 On Queenston height.

During five and fifty years' unrest,
While simply "Canada, East and West,"
Many a heart-ache wrung your breast
 Till "the dead lock,"
That came in earnest, not in jest,
 To further block

The way to your great coming nation,
That, through a disassociation
Of political domination
And indecision,
Forced at length the real formation
Of coalition,

To show you our great approbation
Of your exalted rank and station,
At the vast consolidation
Of each minion
Into one great confederation,
Or Dominion.

Thus honored was your natal day
By proclaiming you "Miss Canada,"
A name perpetually to stay,
A real reality,
A universal name to sway
Our nationality.

Of political leanings shorn,
Of coalition fathers born,
You sound an independent horn,
Neither "Whig nor Tory,"
No self-denial to cause you mourn
Or mar your glory.

Your cousin Sam, 'neath southern skies,
Oft cast on you his longing eyes,
Many a scheme he did devise
Through all his life,
Hoping to win so rich a prize
To be his wife.

Soliloquizing to himself
"'Tis not her beauty, but her wealth,
Not rosy cheeks, but her good health,
Then she's so handy;
There's illimitable store of pelf
In Canada."

Sam's grown of late years more discreet,
And humbly worships at your feet,
Admires your graces so replete
In vast profusion,
And now discerns his pledges sweet
Were an intrusion.

The first four years in your new school
Were a huge failure of misrule,
'Tween election graft and railway pool;
Financially
Your exchequer it was never full
Substantially.

A glaring election scandal
Drove Sir John "clean off the handle,"
And freed you from the pressing mangle
The next four years;
Out of dishonest acts and wrangle
The mist it clears.

When the sharks had been disbanded,
And on the scene Mackenzie landed,
He found the ship of state was branded
Fit for the stocks,
Morally and financially stranded
Upon the rocks.

And ere Mackenzie could enact
Laws sufficient to counteract
Or stay the evils so impact,
Out through the gates
In swarms like bees men off did pack
Into the States.

Wily Sir John, with suasive gaff,
In his dupes' eyes threw lots of chaff,
All would get rich under high tariff,—
Made such a din,
When next election did come off
John roped them in.

And over eighteen years' misrule
Of boodle, graft and railway pool,
In poverty's low, barren school
You then did languish,
Until your honest heart was full
Of pain and anguish.

You pined before misfortune's gale,
With scanty crib and visage pale,
While mortgages they did assail
Your life's hard battle,
And caused many a sheriff's sale
Of hogs and cattle.

Ev'n real estate both near and far,
Sank down in value below par,
And many a bright home "they" did mar
Provokingly,
Wrecked many a farmer on the bar
Irrevocably.

Miss, in conclusion let me say
That "every dog has got its day;"
And ten years now have passed away
Of Liberal rule,
And what a change you can display,
Your crib is full.

Every Canadian he should croon,
Perpetuate and keep in tune
That memorable twenty-third of June
When Laurier
Was seated in the premier's "throne,"
And still holds sway.

And now midst luxuries you stand,
In many parts sought is your hand,
At home, abroad, o'er ocean's strand,
In commerce keen,
The foremost lady in the land
Beneath your king.



Goodness and Badness.

Goodness and Badness did foregather
Ere dawn on a back street;
In passing Badness muttered words
So very indiscreet

To Goodness, who had spent the night
Within the house of mourning,
While Badness from a gambling hell
Was homeward then returning.

Debauched and dazed with drink's unrest
He Goodness did despise,
But sudden impulse curbed his speech
And reined his wonted guise.

He hastened on as if ashamed,
Or awed by spectral foeman,
Though cowed beneath the earnest gaze
Of a true Christian woman,

Who called a halt, at which he stopped,
But why he could not tell,
He felt entangled in the net
Of some mesmeric spell.

The lady tendered good advice,
Amazed he did not scoff;
And to her great surprise the man
Suddenly sobered off.

And calmly asked if he might speak
Of what his mind was fraught,
As now an opening had occurred,
An opening long he'd sought.

"Please sit down, lady, on the curb,
Right down beside me here,
And devil as I am, I swear
You've nothing now to fear.

"First let me say, bad as we are,
Filled with malignant hate,
To aught that's good we are opposed,
And hopeless is our fate:

"Not only we, but the whole realm
'Neath his Satanic sway,
We know that all our hopes will end
With time's brief little day.

"Here let me say that men and women,
Let conscience get control,
Would give their life's blood just to have
Your peace within the soul.

"I tell thee, lady, 'pon my soul,
If he could be forgiven,
The devil would gladly give his throne
To get back into heaven.

"Though strange to say we're all united,
A compact huge phalanx,
And not divided up like you
In various shades and ranks ;

"So much so that it's hard to tell
Which class to place them in,
The world, the devil and the flesh
Have grown so near akin.

"If all you people who profess
On Christian lines to be,
Will go to Heaven when you die
There's yet some hope for me

"'Tis information that I want
About this separation,
Do kindly tell me where you draw
The line of demarkation.

"You seem a queer conglomeration,
A mixty, motley squad,
A heterogeneous malformation,
A cross 'tween good and bad.

"For every one we lead astray,
By precept, act or pen,
Inconsistency among ourselves
Assuredly leads ten.

"The truth is we, bad as we are
In all our sinful blindness,
Give our own more of what is called
The 'milk of human kindness.'

"And stand more closely to each other,
When it comes to a fight,
Than thousands who are classed among
The children of the light.

"True godliness I apprehend
Is love to God and man ;
These lumped together comprehend
The all important plan.

"Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you,
This is the golden rule you know
A rule you seldom do.

"But largely do the opposite,
And keep on the alert
To always 'have the best of it,'
And call this 'being smart;'

"For actually I've seen them take
Their neighbor's daily bread,
By ousting him out by the law
And they placed in his stead.

"But such are just the lowest grade,
Comparatively few,
The excrement of human greed,
The God-forsaken Jew.

"But avarice seems to be a sin
Your people hug extremely,
The new birth seems to waken up
The love of gain supremely.

"I know you've thousands good at heart,
'Neath their respective flags;
But thousands more who do profess
Are only scallawags.

"But day is breaking, folks will soon
Turn out and come abroad;
I cannot wait to hear your say,
But now must take the road.

"And good by, lady, not adieu,
We may meet, who can tell ?
God only knows, I yet may get
Out of this earthly hell."

A Dialogue.

Intemperance and Profanity,
As many times before,
Collided with each other
Within a bar-room door.

And in a boist'rous dialogue,
Each hotly did extol
His power to deal destructive blows
On man's immortal soul.

Profanity, with blasphemous oaths,
His sulph'rous trumpet blew,
Until the very air grew thick,
And turned a trifle blue.

Intemperance oped his bloodshot eyes,
And cursed him to a close,
That he, his master's right hand fiend,
Was king of human woes.

And caused more suffering to prevail
Among the human race;
That 'mong the devil's agencies,
He held the highest place.

"In proof of this I tell you, Prof.,
My enemies exceed;
Millions are grasping at my throat,
While you they scarcely heed.

"Priests and temperance cranks galore,
Ne'er cease me to abuse;
The same in legislative halls
And W. C. T. U.'s.

"And you, poor harmless turtle dove,
Priests hardly ever mention;
You can indulge your heart's content,
But fail to draw attention."

"Pshaw, you drunken, loathsome sot,
Keep harping 'bout the body,
'Tis souls that Master only wants,
He cares not for the shoddy:

"In pain and suffering of the flesh,
You certainly excel;
But I exceed in numbers far,
In sending souls to hell.

"In Pandemonium's council halls,
Your standing's away down,
Among the minor agencies,
'Neath his Satanic crown.

"Envy and hate exceed us both,
And have a longer tether,
But worldly-mindedness kills more
Than we all put together.

"But honestly, 'tween you and me,
I make this final boast:
So far as numbers are concerned,
I carry off the most."



Suggested by a Sermon.*

The meanest man who ever lived,
When all is said and done,
Was not the offspring of the vile,
But a good widow's son,

Whose one solicitude, so fraught,
Did fill her heart with joy;
She bent her energies and love
To educate her boy.

She schemed, she toiled, she energized,
To earn the needed penny;
Denied herself the needed rest,
All for the sake of "Benny."

And when her boy grew bigger,
The tub she laid aside,
For resources more and ample,
The needful to provide.

For Ben, his mother's darling pet
Had passed matriculation;
And her small revenue was taxed
To meet her obligation.

She "took in boarders" all alone,
She toiled and did her best;
A mother's love inspired her on,
And took the place of rest.

And to the casual observer,
There was a lack of grace,
'Tween a filial son's deportment,
And a mother's loving face.

Ben was genial, affable and kind;
And aped a wanton pride,
In lavishing the bounties 'round
His mother did provide.

* Lines suggested by Rev. Mr. Little's sermon on June 24th, 1906.

But with stoical indifference,
He treated his own mother,
Whose every effort he despised,
And callously did smother.

"Ah such an act !" the world exclaims,
"We never can forgive ;
Inhuman wretch, away with him,
He is not fit to live."

"Stop," said the preacher, "let me say,
He's not the meanest yet ;
Go into many other homes,
And meaner ones you'll get.

"Who take from God's infinite hand
The bounties of his love ;
And daily owe their all to him,
In whom they live and move.

"And at his liberal, bounteous board,
They take their wonted place ;
And snatch the blessings from his hand,
Minus a prayer or grace."



Whose Boy is in Danger?

Dr. Cartland, of Brooklyn, relates the following story as told by the ship's surgeon.

In our last trip o'er the ocean
A boy fell in the sea,
I did not know who he was,
And went on deck to see.

Our crew hastened out to save him,
With willing hearts and brave,
And snatched him from the briny deep,
And from a watery grave.

But when they landed him on deck
The spark of life seemed fled;
As far as human ken could judge
The boy was really dead.

They took his outer garments off,
And worked his hands and feet;
So they had just done all they could,
And were in the retreat,

As I came on deck to render help;
"He's dead, doctor, 'tis plain,
And we have tried by every means,
But it is all in vain."

I was about to turn away,
No further means employ,
When sudden impulse told me to
Go over to the boy.

I went and looked into his face,
As many times I'd done;
A glance the awful truth revealed,
O God! it was my son.

I did not think all had been done,
But doffed my coat and vest,
And bent down o'er the prostrate form,
And did my very best.

I blew my breath into his lungs,
My whole soul did employ,
And simply begged and plead with God
To give me back my boy.

And during four long hours of toil,
With unabated strength,
Just as the sun was sinking down,
Faint hope revived at length.

I saw a flutter faint of breath,
Such as the new born gives;
Anon a voice did kindly say
"Doctor, your boy still lives."

I'll never see another boy,
Either on land or boat,
Who has been given up for dead,
And not take off my coat

As quick as possible and work,
(As if he were my boy)
With all my might to save a life,
Let others share the joy.



Nineteenth Century Eulogy.

Old Century, you've gone on the wings of the blast
And are lost in the haze of Eternity past;
'T was with feelings of sadness we bade thee farewell;
Thy reign's been a triumph as thousands can tell;
In opening the mysteries of God's gifts to man,
'Mong the centuries gone by you have led in the van,
E'en prophetic fulfilments have ended in thee,
As oceans you've bridged o'er and left us no sea.
The arts you have roused from the slumber of ages,
And made light to shine on the mist covered pages,
The death dealing force of a foe all unseen,
With forked tongues of fire and awe flashing gleam,
In taming this foe looms thy all crowning wonder.
Now Man has a friend in lightning of thunder,
To annihilate space with a fast caravan
And the mile post of time reduce to a span;
And speech, like a vision doth flash 'neath the seas;
Man speaking to man at the Antipodes.
In science your name at the head of the list
Will rebound through the ages to millions you've
blessed,
In strides you have made in your glorious reign,
To assuage human suffering, alleviate pain;
The chloroformed soldier, unconscious in slumber,
While the knife of the surgeon his limbs cuts asunder,
He peacefully dreams of loved ones at home
Or valiantly charges the dreadful pom-pom.
Hydrophobia, diphtheria, consumption and more,
Of ailments that baffled the doctors of yore,
Are largely arrested from what they have been
With a poisonous virus called anti-toxine,
And useful lives spared and home joys returning,
And gladness replacing the sad house of mourning
Your fame in the line of inventions was fraught
With blessings untold to mankind you have brought;
In showing him primary things how to scatter,
And led out his mind to triumph o'er matter.
Look back to the "forties" and think of the way
The perspiring mower did cut all his hay,
His horses in clover 'neath shade trees so cool;

Methinks had they spoken 'twould have been "You
big fool,

If you only had brains to make the right tool,
You might sit at your leisure and see how we'd pull."
So you gave us the mower, the hayfork and rake,
Then threw in the binder, just for pity's sake,
And then what a strike is plain to be seen
In your day was made on the threshing machine;
A useful appendage to your name attaches,
To you we're indebted for lucifer matches;
In circles domestic will ever be seen
Your name deep engraved on the sewing machine;
In kerosene oil what a wonderful flight,
From the old tallow candle to incandescent light;
But motherhood says you have just played the Dickens,
With inanimate things for hatching out chickens;
Geological science in your day excelled
In blotting out theories man so long held,
And proving this earth on which we now dwell
Dates to an infinitude no man can tell;
With hundreds omitted we cannot relate
Of blessings you gave us in small and in great,
But one thing you left at, where you did begin,
You failed to lessen man's dire load of sin.



Galt in 1835.

O' three score an' ten years let me sing,
 All fled awa on time's fleet wing;
 Frae memory's caverns let me bring
 Oot tae the licht
 Some thochts o' auld lang syne
 Frae dreamland's nicht.

Three score an' ten years passed away
 Syne in the bonnie month o' May
 On "Roger Stewart", frae Greenock's quay,
 We bade adieu
 Tae Scotland's glens an' heathery brae,
 For pastures new

'Twas then that memory first began
 Tae treasure up, tae hark, tae scan,
 An' store up for the comin' man
 O' flesh an' bone
 An everlastin' treasure van
 Or gramophone.

Intae the past let's take a keek,
 An' let oor gramophone first speak
 'Boot things roon Galt an' up Mill Creek,
 Were a' sae nice
 Tae me a' seemed for tae bespeak
 A paradise.

E'en time itsel tae me seemed young
 The airth was flat, on naething hung,
 An' round about it daily swung
 The sun an' moon
 As ilka mornin' up they sprung,
 At nicht gaed down.

This world was made in six week days
 Wi' man tae rule an' heart tae yase;
 Adam an' Eve, without their claes,
 Did a' things name,
 Sae innocent in a' their ways
 They thocht nae shame.

As a' things then, so we were tauld,
They didna seem sae very auld;
Six thousand years could be recalled
Since time began,
Syne geologie lo! an' behold's
Ootwitted man.

Here science steppit tae the fore;
They dug, they blasted an' did bore,
Deep doon each stratum did explore
An' proved this airth
Was millions o' years auld before
Ev'n Adam's birth.

The sinner's gaily passed awa'
Wi' sunny days an' nichts fu' braw,
Freed frae a factor's snappin' jaw,
Lairds o' the soil,
The men an' women tae did a'
Enjoy the toil.

The wunters welled wi' social glee,
A' sae unostentatiously,
Be't functional ball or quilting bee,
'Twas a' the same,
They a' joined hauns maist graciously
In life's big game.

An' a' sae blessed wi' sweet content,
A brithershood o' Scotch descent;
An ee tae wealth maist a had bent
On geathrin' gear,
An frankly' owned 'twas that intent
That brocht them here.

A' tho' an eydent, prosperous set,
Their faither's God did ne'er forget;
The Sawbath was their weeklie pet
An' strictly held,
Wha'er did ocht ootside his yett
Micht be expelled,

Frae social intercourse by a'
Wha did respect the moral law;
Wha frae the drink did keep awa'
Was sair denounced;
An' gin in line they did nae fa'
Syne they were bounced.

E'en pride, that social monster bold,
 Had then got but a sma' fithold;
 'Twas moral worth, it wasna gold,
 That led the van,
 Men couldna then be bought or sold
 As noo they can.

And tae a Scot 'twas something grand
 The thocht o' ownin yin's ain land,
 Free frae a Duke or Lord's command;
 Gin he did wish,
 He could repair off tae the strand
 An' catch a fish;

Wi' gun in haund, on fit or nag,
 It micht be sma' game or a stag
 Nae matter which heithen could bag
 At his sweet will,
 Wi' nae yin watchin', like a gleg,
 On him tae tell.



Galt in 1904

As the Author saw it.



Nae national Babel o' hotch-potch,
 As maistly a' did speak the Scotch,
 They built, and didna mak a botch
 O' granet walls,
 Kirks, business stauns, an' big braw blocks
 An' public halls.

And system, tho' it held the whup
 That energized them on an' up,
 A moral an' religious grup
 Held constant sway,
 Syne worth an' honors fill their cup
 Until this day.

Wi' sic a preacher as John Bayne,
An' sic a teacher as McLane,
Baith men o' worth an' men o' brain,
An' Doctor Miller
Wha plied his skill wi' micht an' main,
Made lots o' siller.

Bayne was a preacher rare forsooth,
Altho' at times a thocht uncouth,
When hammerin' oot God's awfu' truth
On man's election,
I've seen him frothin' at the mooth
Thro' sheer conviction,

As roon the pulpit's rim he hammered,
His twa black een did piercin' glammer,
An' troth he rarely made a stammer,
As he did tell
O' Satan's wiles to drag the sinner
Right doon tae hell.

Election was his favorite theme,
His words gushed oot just like a stream,
Wi' him it was nae idle dream
That naething cost,
The bluid o' Christ cam in between
The sinner lost.

His theory was, an' he was richt,
That mair are driven in throo fricht,
Than drawn throo love's persuasive micht,
For tae begin,
An' syne God's love in its pure licht
Came afterhin.



Man Was Never Made to Mourn,

When flowery June in all its pride
 Made everything look fine,
 I took a stroll to meditate
 Beside the little Boyne ;
 And as I viewed the gorgeous scene,
 I met at every turn,
 A voice seemed to articulate
 "Man ne'er was made to mourn."

Thence wrapt in an obliivious haze
 Beside the little stream,
 Remembrance seemed to fade away
 And merge into a dream.
 Hope, Love and Mercy fluttered by,
 All jaded and outworn,
 Hope whispered as she passed me by
 "Man ne'er was made to mourn."

All lighted in a shady cove
 Upon a fallen tree,
 Hope and Mercy settled down,
 But love returned to me;
 And in her lustrous plaintive eyes
 No trace of hate or scorn,
 She said in accents sweet and low,
 "Man ne'er was made to mourn."

The heavenly visitants arose,
 And glanced up to the skies,
 Then plumed their snow-white lovely wings
 As if about to rise;
 When Mercy turned with tear dimmed eyes,
 Pathetic, not forlorn,
 In accents mild, she kindly said,
 "Man ne'er was made to mourn."

The day dream broke, new scenes arose,
 Linked in each other's arms,
 A youthful swain, and by his side
 A maid in all her charms.

A happiness full and replete,
 From care and trouble shorn,
 We dare the fool again repeat,
 "That man was made to mourn."

A hoary sage, with tottering step,
 And visage worn and frail,
 He halted, gazed, and kindly smiled
 As we met on the trail.
 Then heavily leaned upon his staff,
 A rustic, knotty thorn ;
 I halted and soliloquized,
 "Has man been made to mourn ?"

But doubt was quickly all dispelled,
 Before the radiant glow,
 A light divine seemed interspersed
 With nature here below.
 He seemed to read my inmost thoughts,
 With mingled joy and scorn,
 Then pointing with his staff on high,—
 "Man makes himself to mourn."

"I've sojourned in this vale of tears
 Some four score years and ten,
 And studied all the pros and cons
 In acts and thoughts of men ;
 Enough of Eden was reserved,
 Of oil, of wine and corn
 To strengthen, cheer and beautify,
 Man ne'er was left to mourn."



A Scot Abroad.

To Wm. McMillan, in reply to his eulogy on the "Man who invented oatmeal."

Dear sir, yer eulogy I wot,
 On parritch and the brawny Scot,
 I've read wi' interest every jot,
 And 'tween us twó,
 The offspring o' the parritch pot,
 Let's just review.

A' honor tae the primary Scot,
 Wha first anatomized the oat ;
 Syne bruised and boilt it in a pot,
 An' sae encouraged,
 Suppit it up whan it wás hot,
 An' cawt it parritch.

Altho' it has a second place,
 Nature hersel affords the grace,
 That lifts the Scot richt on apace,
 Wi' micht an' main,
 And gied him 'mang the human race
 The biggest brain.†

Syne frae that sma' bit seagirt strand,
 His influence on every hand
 Forges ahead wi' stern command,
 Be it cauld or hot,
 'Neath arctic skies or tropic land
 Ye'll fin' the Scot.

Oor ain Dominion's built upon,
 An ante-Scot foundation stone,
 Wi' Brown, Mackenzie and Sir John,
 A' in the van ;
 An' Mowat, wha peerless stands alone,
 The grand old man.

E'en Erin's sons wha did their share,
 Blake, McGee, an' mony mair,
 Our grand Dominion helped to rear;
 Save a sma' fraction,
 Are undoobtedly beyond compare,
 O' Scotch extraction.

Lang ere they worthies took command,
Their fathers crossed the great lone land,
Frae eastern tae the western strand,
A trail they run;
The Arctic circle then they scanned,
'Neath midnight sun.

Men frae the land o' hills and lochs,
Whar heather waves 'mang grazin' flocks
An' Wallace, Burns, an' great John Knox,
Each a' his own;
Immortal as the eternal rocks
Their deeds have grown.

Tho' far frae Scottie's loved abode,
They ne'er lost sicht o' Scottie's God;
At duty's call they onward plod
In file or band;
As aft wi' weary feet they trod,
The great lone land.

Their epitaphs in verse and prose,
The monumental slabs disclose,
O' Smith's, McKenzie's and Munroe's,
An' thus it runs:
Here noble dust in quiet repose,
Rests Scotia's sons.



† See Century Book of Facts, p 305.

The Invitation.

Come over true Britons, come over the sea,
There's room for you all in this big coun-
try.

My song is to you who in servitude toil,
With very small prospect of owning the
soil;

And if in life's summer ends meet in the
strife,

Then where is the store for the autumn of
life?

Nothing is left for the eve of life's day,
When manhood and vigor are ebbing away;
And as years upon years roll over each
other,

You'll never get free from a duke or lord's
tether;

While here, step by step, you may climb
up the hill,

And when at the summit repose at your
will.

Broad acres await you o'er this wide do-
main,

If it only were tickled would smile with
ripe grain;

In Muskoka, Algoma, and Manitoba,
The Saskatchewan valley, all 'neath British
law.

Then come on true Britons, come over the
Main,

You'll still be protected by Britain's loved
Queen.

Aye we love the dear woman as well as you
can,

And for Britain's good Queen we would
fight to a man;

Should honor demand the last drop in our
vein

'Twould freely be given her throne to
maintain.

Then come on true Britons, come over the
 sea,
Shake hands with your brothers, so loyal
 and free.
No doubt you'll find drawbacks, yes, draw-
 backs 'tis true,
But where is the country that has not a few?
Go south, east and west, e'en to the north
 pole,
The sin-blight of Eden has leavened the
 whole.
Take things all in all, as in nature com-
 bined,
And 'tis doubtful a finer than this you will
 find,
With a soil of the richest the sun sets upon,
And a climate that peerlessly knuckles to
 none;
Her breezes are laden with health-giving
 air,
That alights on the cheeks of our maidens
 so fair,
And develops our youth in perfections
 combined,
With muscular physique and far reaching
 mind.
The best time to land's in the month of
 April,
Fix on a location with good choice of soil;
When out on the prairie you've "taken a
 lot,"
Erect a small shanty, what you'll call a cot;
An axe, saw and hammer your kit will
 supply,
'Twill do you at present, get more by and
 by;
A yoke of good oxen, a breaker and cow,
A pair of iron harrows, and a strong stubble
 plow;
Ten dollars is all that you'll have to pay
 down,
And in three years a deed you'll get from
 the crown,

For one hundred and sixty broad acres of
land,
With six months in each year at your sole
command;
And should you be blessed with a partner
in life,
Or to make it more plain we'll call her your
wife,
A table and chairs you will want 'mong the
rest,
But if you're a bachelor you'll feast off
your chest;
And you'll sit on a stool with four legs or
three,
As happy's a prince and as busy's a bee.
But take good advice, don't come single-
handed,
A failure is sure, you'll soon be disbanded;
A pitiable object, your sense 'twould appal
To enter the door of a bachelor's hall,
So sooty and dusty and scented with
smoke,
His domicile walls a smile would provoke;
His washing and mending and making his
bed,
But the saddest of all is the baking of
bread;
Hot water and flour, with no leaven what-
ever,
Sodden and tough as a piece of sole leather.
Were't not for the climate with which we
are blessed,
The food that he swallows, he'd never
digest.
But now we must leave you, dear bachelor,
alone,
And we will return to the thread of our
song.
Then get all your fixings and proper sup-
ply,
To break fifty acres in June and July;
And, then, should you wish to hire out, you
will get
Good wages until it is time to backset;

Hire out or exchange for a mowing machine,
And cut down some hay round a slough or ravine,
Where hay the most nourishing is to be found,
That can't be excelled the wide world around;
A few tons put up in a weather-proof block
Will be all that is wanted to winter your stock;
Then hire out and backset, as chances occur,
Until you have set back the last broken "fur;"
And meanwhile and after, as you may be able,
Be sure before winter to get up a stable,
With boards and tar paper or logs "eny how,"
E'en sods for the present will do you just now.
The season for plowing, as you must remember,
Usually ends 'bout the tenth of November.
There still is an opening, as soon you will learn,
At something or other some money to earn,
With someone more able, to work with his team,
Or else to engage with a threshing machine;
Hands that are willing, and hearts that are true,
Can always find something in winter to do;
And trust in the hand that, unseen to the view,
Has promised to carry us all safely through.
And now that you're safe on prosperity's road,
Keep an eye on the day-star, prosperity's God.

The Ill Matched Pair.

'Twas Saturday night in his lonely shack,
A bachelor musing sat,
The dog lay snoring behind his back,
No other sound but the clock's tick,
tack,
And the purr of the cat.

He had toiled all week at the "bloomin'"
breaking,
And that among oaken scrub!
Till his back was kinked, limbs all aching;
Then add to this he had not partaken
The very best of grub.

And thus he soliloquized, "Well Joe,
Horses to supper and clean,
Dishes to wash, bed to make and lo,
To the washer woman I must go,
Ere to rest I turn in.

"Truth is I've now got to settle in brief,
How to end this lone strife.
There are only two ways to obtain relief,
Either to hire out with Mr. Moncrief,
Or to marry a wife."

Joe's musings hushed as open swung the
door,
And humming a low refrain,
'Twas farmer Moncrief that stood on the
floor,
He had heard the soliloquies muttered
o'er,
Thro' a broken window pane.

"Good night, young man, if it is not amiss,
It looks like it's going to rain;
I have just come to try and find redress,
In that happy stage men call single bliss,
To witness over again.

"I loved her at first sight and love her yet;
But so diverse are we
Somehow or other we could never get
Our mutual terms harmoniously met,
So never could agree.

"Of all the evils that befall a man
Within this little life,
Though at the longest 'tis but a span,
But even then too long to bear the ban,
Of 'Samson's' nagging wife.

"It does appear to me that Satan's biggest
catches,
Of discord and of strife,
Are the monstrous matrimonial matches
He so inharmoniously attaches,
And he calls them man and wife.

"A youthful dame just in her teens,
By mamma's love of gold,
Awakened from her fond day-dreams,
By age-chilled arm in which she leans,
She ne'er was wed but sold.

"How oft he binds a good man to a shrew,
And woman to a sot,
Then laughs to see them drag life through
In a conquest ever ready to renew,
How well he lays his plot!

"It is not easy to discriminate,
As a matter of course.
We have no right to incriminate,
Although we almost might insinuate
That the man is the worst."

And now Joseph Jones has quit the break-
ing,
And his back the kinking,
And farmer Moncrief may be mistaken,
But Joe has not Laura yet forsaken
And is doing lots of thinking.

The Scotchman and the Dominie.

A True Tale of Dugald, Man.

A Scotchman and a Dominie,
Who with a farmer stay,
Had toiled most all the winter through
And ne'er kept holiday.

"Say Scottie, this is Friday night,
And seems to me a pity
That we should let the sleighing go
And never see the city.

"Speir at the boss, gin he will gie
His horse an' rig the morn,
And we'll be off at break o' day
As sure as ye are born."

Long ere the day-spring in the east,
Some one was out of doors,
'Twas Scottie busy at his work
A-doing up his chores;

E'en the Dominie was prone to yield
'Gainst his indulgent rest;
And hours before his wonted time
Was up and duly dressed.

A hearty breakfast both partook,
Of toasted bread and butter,
With Charley hitched they donned their
robes
And set off in the cutter.

Now Charley was a gallant horse,
When suited to his mind
The mile posts that would heave in sight
Were quickly left behind.

But what it was that held the reins
Did puzzle him full sore,
For such a tugging at his jaws
He'd never felt before.

But instinct here the ascendant took
 To frustrate reason's plan,
 That showed the wisdom of the brute
 Superior to the man.

His nimble heels most dexterously
 Played havoc with the tree,
 And with a sudden forward bound
 The noble beast was free;

And like an arrow sped along
 The dump in wild career,
 And Scottie in pursuit was seen
 A-bringing up the rear.

A farmer's son, who was abroad,
 Observed with due regard
 A frantic horse, in harness clad,
 A-prancing round the yard.

He spoke and then approached the beast,
 A-wondering at the plight,
 Anon the mystery was solved
 When Scottie hove in sight,

And did exclaim "Pleg tack the bruit!
 Sic a horse I never saw,
 He kickit back an' broke the tugs,
 And syne he ran awa';

"But juist as shore's my name is Scottie,
 Though he should break an arm or leg,
 Has got tae take us baith this day
 Richt in tae Winnipeg."

He hastened back to where his mate
 With measured step did pace,
 Revolving in his ample brain
 The mysteries of the case.

"Say, Dominie, dinna say a word,
 The hale affair we'll varnish,
 But we maun try gin we can geet
 Anither set o' harness;"

But who would go to neighbor R's?
 Each tried to coax the other,
 And so to compromise the thing
 The both set off together;

And Charley soon was fitted out,
As Scottie said, fu' trig,
And neighbor R. did kindly go
And hitch him in the rig.

But space forbids to tell the whole,
So we'll just have to lump'er,
The scenes that were enacted there
With horse and home-made jumper;

Whiles on the dump, whiles in the ditch,
And sometimes upon neither,
Did Charley make that jumper toss,
O'er gopher knowles he'd heave'er;

Though four hands firmly held the reins,
The speed was getting faster,
Quite evident to neighbor R.
Must end in a disaster.

"Say Scottie, this is dreadful work,
I think we've had enough,
Let's steer out o'er the prairie
And anchor in yon bluff."

"A' richt, my neck is amaisht broken,
Head him for't an' let him go'';
And in a trice stood horse and rig
In four feet deep of snow.

They did unhitch and left the rig,
And all marched home again,
And told the boss they'd done their best,
But it was all in vain.

The farmer was much grieved to hear,
On being told the matter;
He said he had another horse
Perhaps would suit them better.

But told them to cheer up a bit
And prove themselves good stuff,
And he would go and help to dig
The jumper from the bluff.

The harness he did then transfer
From Charley to his mate,
Whom for the sake of rhyming ware,
We'll call her gentle Kate.

Anon a quartette might be seen
 A-marching down the way;
 By this time it had nearly reached
 The middle of the day.

The jumper they did soon dig out,
 And hitched in gentle Kitty,
 And all agog our friends and more
 Were heading for the city.

And nothing further did transpire
 Their progress to delay,
 Or to detract their thoughts from off
 The pleasures of the day.

Red River Bridge was safely crossed,
 And Main street throngs eluded,
 The vast concourse of men and things
 With wondering eyes they viewed it;

Till at th' intended stable door
 At length they safely landed;
 And to the hostler's sole command
 The reins were duly handed;

Somehow or other none could tell,
 Poor Kate he did not thump'er
 But to the shafts inside the door
 And outside left the jumper.

A party wrangle then ensued,
 The hostler loud did holler,
 But presently he quieted down
 And said 'twould "be a dollar."

A carpenter was hunted up
 Likewise a man of leather,
 And ere they slept both tugs and shafts
 Were snugly put together.

And now to cut our story short,
 And that without delay,
 Our heroes landed safely home
 Upon the Sabbath day.

And when they counted up the cost,
 To tell't as Scottie spoke it,
 "We were jaust atween us twa'
 Six dollars oot o' pocket."

Play the Man.

Arouse, young man, resolve at will,
Work out great nature's plan,
Who gives to most men time and skill,
Through life to play the man.

As helpers on the stage of time,
Or leaders in the van,
Then "go it" while you're in your prime,
And prove yourself a man.

Destined for something yet to be,
Youth's young horizon scan,
What possibilities you'll see,
To make yourself a man.

Go lift yourself from servitude,
With shrewd ingenious plan,
And make it fully understood
You're bound to be a man.

In this great Canada of ours,
Though not exempt from losses,
There's ample scope within her bowers
For most men to be "bosses."

First build a character that's pure,
The very best you can,
And only principles ensure
Well worthy of the man.

Don't swear, or lie, or steal, or cheat;
Nor with strong drink inspan;
Be level headed and discreet,
And show yourself a man.

Just one thought more this vision brings,
If you have not begun
To freely drink from higher springs,
You'll never be a man.

A True Tale.

At times there are scenes that belong to our calling
Are grand and terrific and rather appalling,
To see the huge monarchs go down with a groan,
As if nature in sympathy uttered a moan.

We felled down a monarch, when measured complete,
Encircled a compass of twenty-one feet;
The trunk was gigantic and straight as a die,
The boughs so majestic were towering on high.

One evening my father, two brothers and I
Held a council of war and condemned him to die.
Next morning we marched forth, our spirits aglow,
Our axes our broadswords, a tree was our foe;

Our jerkins were doffed, our axes well whetted,
Each took up his station and then we went at it;
Like champions who combat in strife for the belt
Our axes oft buried half way to the hilt.

Though adepts we were at our dear occupation—
In common to us 'twas a fine recreation—
Four hours and a half we stood at our station,
Our garments betokened a free perspiration;

Our morning repast was entirely digested,
And gaping wide carves were completely exhaust-
ed;
Seemed met in the centre and severed in two;
Erect still he stood on a balance so true;

The blood-hound that's tasted a drop from the vein,
In pursuit of the stag every nerve it will strain;
Though the sun had not crossed the meridian line,
The foe must be conquered before we would dine;

Three axemen retired back and one remained chop-
ping,
We gazed up on high with mouth and ears open;
Soon an audible tick, anon a loud crack,
"He's going, James, run!" father shouted, "come
back!"

O mortals! had we but the gift to disclose it,
Bereft of the muse we will essay to prove it;
Such crashing and smashing, such roaring and moan-
ing,
Such breaking and creaking, such tearing and groan-
ing,

Young saplings uprooted, limbs torn from their sockets,
Splintered to atoms, went up like sky-rockets;
With a crash and a thud and an upward rebound,
The old monarch lay stretched on the tremb-
ling ground;

Like pigmies we mounted our now fallen foe,
Once high and majestic, now humble and low.
But hungry and weary and panting for breath,
We marched off and left him tremendous in death,

Sad emblem of man in the blaze of earth's fame,
As he carves on time's rock an indelible name;
With the letters half finished the scaffold gives way,
For the besom of death has swept him away.



Woman's Rights.

We are a band of Christian workers
 To aid where there is need,
 Though sometimes we're compelled to take
 Upon ourselves the lead,
 And do the work our bearded Lords
 Neglect or try to shun,
 God has his Deborahs you know,
 When men lay down the gun.

CHORUS—

For everything goes swimmin',
 When handled by the women;
 I tell you just this minute
 You men folks are not in it;
 Women of Manitoba,
 When it comes to a pinch,
 Have long since got the go-by,
 'Tis then you've got the cinch.

And we are only whitewashed slaves,
 Just toiling for our mates,
 Without a dower or legal claim
 To any real estate;
 Much better remain a spinster,
 An independent maid,
 With something she can call her own
 To join the Ladies' Aid.

CHORUS—

There's nothing makes our bearded Lords
 So open up their eyes,
 And shrivel up their vocal cords
 To give us the franchise;
 Full well they know what such would mean
 In practice and in morals,
 Our government would then be clean;
 Likewise our kegs and barrels.

CHORUS—

I'm Mrs. Patrick Monaghan
 From the dear auld Emerald Isle,
 Shure it would do you good to see
 The byes and wenches smile;

I landed in this country when
 A rosy chakit maid,
 I wedded wid dear Patrick, thin
 I joined the Ladies' Aid.

CHORUS—

I'm Mrs. Switzenburger
 From Bingen on the Rhine,
 Where they make limburger cheese
 And saur krout dot is fine;
 We came to Manitoba in
 The year dat she was made,
 We had no children, pass de time
 I choin de Ladies' Aid.

CHORUS—

I'm Mrs. Andrew Davidson
 Frae Scotland's hill and glade,
 Whar Robin sang his sweetest sangs
 And Wallace bared his blade;
 I crossed the water in the year
 The telegraph was laid;
 You see I was nae chicken
 Whan I joined the Ladies' Aid.

CHORUS—

I'm Mrs. Ambrose Swainbourne,
 And though like all the rest
 Would eulogize my country,
 But do not ape to jest;
 Hi, too, did cross the hocean,
 Hin heighten heighty-height,
 To 'ave a real social time
 Hi joined the Ladies' Aid.

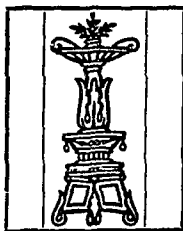
CHORUS—

But found out to my choler
 'Twas the almighty dollar
 Made everything go swimmin'
 That's handled by the women;
 I tell you men this minute
 You men folks are not in it;
 When we do get the cinch
 We're sure to make it pinch.

I'm Jeanie Knox, a native born,
And in my short prologue
I thank my stars that I am free
From any foreign brogue,
To bring such laughter down on me
As our poor sisters made,
I move that eloquence henceforth
Be added to 'our Aid.

CHORUS—

Then our speeches will go swimmin',
As real Canadian women;
I tell you men this minute
That you will not be in it;
And having got the power
Then we will have the cinch,
And will redeem our dower
When it comes to the pinch.



The Death of the Author's Eldest Son.

Now blighted are our hopes,
Our home it is sad;
O death! you have taken
Our dear little lad.

His prattle at evenings,
Around the bright hearth,
Cheered the hours as they passed
With innocent mirth.

In memory's fond visions
I oft see him stand,
Repeating cock-robin,
With uplifted hand;

And bright animation
That beamed in his eye,
As he sang of that happy land—
Up in the sky.

But that hand is now cold,
The voice it is still,
Cold, cold in the grave,
By the church on the hill.

His harp in far nobler
Notes warbles among
The ransomed with Jesus
Around the white throne;

With a palm in his hand,
And a crown on his brow,
Where earth's sorrows and pains
Cannot trouble him now.

For ever with Jesus;
A glorious greeting,
When we cross the river,
Ah, then what a meeting!

The Death of Our Youngest Son.

When our love and hopes were blended
Around our youngest son,
Then his earthly journey ended
When it seemed just begun,

When just verging upon manhood,
Between the boy and man,
Life's chances all seemed fairly good
To reach the allotted span;

But fate, obscured from mortal eyes,
And hid from mortal ken,
Did break the tender earthly ties
And blight the opening stem;

And laid him in the silent tomb,
A piece of worthless clay,
Within oblivion's opaque doom,
For ever there to stay.

This, says the atheist, is the end—
The final and the goal—
That all into the grave descend,
There's no immortal soul.

But to a grander, nobler theme
We'll rise from earthly toys,
And look beyond time's morbid dream
At pure, unsullied joys.

And scan through faith's illumined eye
The abode of peace and joy,
There, with the ransomed up on high,
We see our darling boy.

April 21st, 97.



Wild Flowers.

Beautiful flowers, with petals sweet,
How rude men tread you beneath their
feet,
Regardless of their Maker's wishes,
Who sent these flowers on earth to bless
us,
As emblems of the Heavenly flowers,
Once bloomed so sweet in Eden's bowers.
On Sharon's and on Judah's hill,
Beside a cool transparent rill,
Blooms Sharon's fair and dewy rose,
The fairest flower on earth that blows.
Earth's flowers to man are emblematic,
And with a voice clear and prophetic
Do speak as clear as words can say
That there is an eternal day,
And point our thoughts up to the skies,
And tell us we shall also rise,
That man shall burst the bands of earth,
Through Christ shall rise a second birth,
No more betimes to fade away,
But bloom through Heaven's eternal day.



The Pure in Heart.

Who is he that shall ascend
To the holy hill of God,
And meet God, as friend meets friend,
There within his pure abode,
In God's tabernacle sure,
With the holy, happy band
That shall evermore endure ?

'Tis he whose hands are free from stains,
Whose heart is pure within,
Who aims above all earthly gains,
And shuns the ways of sin;
He shall the blessing from the Lord
Receive within his soul,
The precious truths from God's own word
Shall all his ways control.



Church Union.

There is union in the air,
There is union in the hearts
Of our old men everywhere;
Scatt'ed over many parts
Are thousands of the one opinion,
From shore to shore in our Dominion;

Who've long been dissenting
From united brotherhood;
At length we are relenting
From hereditary mood,
And grasp the spirit from above
That teaches unity and love.

Guided by the light divine,
Inspired by Heaven's great Lord
Hearts in union to entwine,
Enjoined in God's holy word;
All our dissensions at first grew
In origin from human view.

With a host of good old men
Leading in the union van,
Let us all with voice and pen
Up and help on all we can,
By the guiding star of union
Join in fellowship's communion!



A Hymn.

O Christ, the Rock of Ages past,
The rock of years to come,
Through everlasting ages vast
The Father, Spirit, Son,
Three persons all in one!

We cannot know Thee as Thou art,
While in this finite sphere,
We only see a little part
Though Thou art ever near
To all who love Thee dear.

But higher joys are yet in store
For all who seek Thy face,
And joys that last forevermore
Within Thy holy place,
Fed by Thy heavenly grace.

Death's shadow past, the Saviour we
Shall see in all his glory;
The one through all eternity
The hosts of Heaven adore aye,
Has been the old, old story.

Dear Holy Spirit help us now
Fulfill Thy high behest,
And our frail bark O guide do Thou,
And always for the best,
Towards our eternal rest!

Frail in ourselves, in Thee we're strong,
Because Thou'rt ever near
To succor us when we go wrong,
To lift up and to cheer,
If thine, we've naught to fear.

Help us to fully realize
How much to Thee we owe;
And may Thy counsels grave and wise
Aye guide us here below,
Thy love to fully know.

'Tis only by Thy Spirit led
That we can "do the right;"
Not only give us daily bread,
But fill us with Thy light,
Divine effulgence bright.



The God of Heaven and Earth.

Great God of Heaven and earth,
Thy handiworks appear,
To Thee all owe their birth,
And Thou art always near.

Our Father, everywhere,
We cannot get away
In ocean, earth and air
From His eternal sway;

For whither shall we go
Where man hath never trod?
Through treasures of the snow
God's whirlwind is abroad.

For God is in the wind
Which is his chariot high;
His forces all combined
Make wings for God to fly.

His thunder's awful voices
Do make the mountains quake,
And rend the rocks in pieces
And earth's foundations shake.

'Tis only in the storm
A frown is on his face,
Though storms are but a form
Of His Almighty grace;

In many a varied phase
We cannot comprehend;
It may be to abase
It may be to amend.

In Affectionate Memory.

They grow up one by one,
A loving sisterhood;
All fair to look upon,
All lovable and good.

Bright girls in every phase,
Portending useful lives,
Mingling in the world's way,
As mothers and as wives.

But ah! the direful plague,
White messenger of death;
He looked on each fair maid,
And breathed his vital breath.

All human efforts failed
To stay the fateful blow,
Death's hand, securely mailed,
Laid these fair sisters low;

Each as the summer flower
On parent stem that leans,
In love's domestic bower,
All faded in their teens.

Lila, Bertha and Ella,
At rest forevermore;
All safe beyond death's valley,
On the eternal shore.

It is not ours to say,
"Lord, why afflict so keen?"
'Tis ours just to obey,
And on Thee closer lean.

Sometime we'll see the end
Our Father's love portrays,
And fully comprehend
His now mysterious ways.

Big and Little Trials.

We chafe beneath the little trials,
That thwart our daily schemes,
As backsets to our onward march,
In life's ambitious dreams.

But ah, when real trials come,
Trials that wring the soul,
And prove all human efforts vain,
Death reigns without control,

And swings his keen, remorseless scythe,
With force of tidal wave;
Cuts down our loved ones with a sweep,
And lays them in the grave.

A few short days of anxious care,
And nightly vigils keeping,
Then empty cradles, empty chairs,
And loved ones silent weeping.

Two tender babes are snatched away,
And laid beside each other,
A few more days, and with her bairns
Is laid the youthful mother.

Our trials come not to afflict,
They are the chast'ning rod,
That drive the sinner first to tears,
Then lead him back to God.



Katie Harvie.

Good stranger tread with quiet step,
There's crape upon the door,
And loved ones silently do mourn
With hearts both sad and sore.

The call did come so suddenly,
We scarce could take it in;
To think that Katie's now beyond
A world of toil and sin!

But hark! that seems to be her voice,
In accents sweet and low,
The same sweet voice we used to hear,
When with us here below.

Dear Father, do not grieve so sore,
Your Katie's better far;
Dear Mother, do not weep for me,
I'm safe across the bar,

And with my own two sisters dear,
Who met me on the strand,
And one on either side, Dear Ma,
Did lead me by the hand.

But ah, they're far beyond me now,
So luminous and wise;
In robes of bright effulgence shine
These cherubs of the skies.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"
On earth we read the story,
But words cannot convey the joys,
With Jesus here in glory.

Ah, do be kind to Mother, Pa,
And little Johnnie too;
Know we can look beyond the veil
On everything you do.

To Mother in Heaven.

Written by request of Mr. and Mrs. McConachy on receiving word of the sudden death of Mr. McConachy's mother.

I little thocht, dear mother, when
We parted on the pier,
We had forever broken ties
On earth we loved sae dear.

Ye were sae gentle, leal and true,
Sae watchfu' in the wake,
Aye on the lookout for tae do
Something for ither's sake.

I've sat beside th' ingle nook,
Watchin' the fuffin loo,
Whan ye were throng about yer work;
Whar are ye mither, noo?

Ah little thocht we, mither, whan
We parted on the strand,
That whan we met again, 'twad be
Up in the better land.

They've sent me ower yer photograph.
Across the briny main,
An' whan I gaze on yer dear face,
It makes me unco fain

For tae retrace my steps again,
Back ower th' Atlantic wave,
That I micht drap a single tear
Upon my mither's grave.

But whatfor mourn, she's better far
In the bright world abuin;
Than toilin' midst the sights an' soon
O' this warld's irksome din.

Wi' neither hunger, thirst, nor heat,
Nor sun nor muin tae blight;
Wi' loved ones, haud communion sweet,
Arrayed in spotless white.

In Memoriam.

◆

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Melvor, on the death of their son, Neil, born July 12, 1876; died Dec. 17, 1903.

In full vigor of manhood's prime;
In life's bright useful day,
From prospects fair and loved ones dear,
Suddenly borne away.

Only ten days of wedded bliss,
Enjoyed with loving bride,
When called to cross the fatal bar
On time's unerring tide.

In silence struck with grief you bowed,
Beneath God's chastening rod;
"Thy will be done," you sobbed aloud;
"Thy will be done, O God!"

Indeed, it was a heavy blow;
For one you loved so well,
Though in spirit you gave assent,
The flesh it did rebel.

Those earth-born ties of ours, they are
So indelibly set,
And interwoven round the heart,
We never can forget.

And Neil was such a gentle, kind,
And noble-hearted boy,
To help along was his delight,
Self-sacrifice a joy.

O why is worth so oft removed.
In woman and in man,
While indurates in human form
Exceed the allotted span?

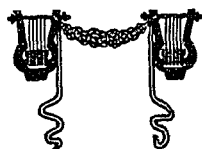
Far, far beyond all human ken
Are God's mysterious ways;
But he the destinies of men
Aye shapes to render praise.

Infinitesimally far
Is man beneath his Maker,
Whose greatness none can comprehend,
Almighty King, Creator.

'Tis ours to acquiesce, wherein
We're helpless to avoid;
And in the Lord's most holy will
In confidence confide

Our all to Him who gave the best,
The highest gift of Heaven,
That we might live and reign with him,
Vile sinners, all forgiven.

When you shall meet your boy again,
In everlasting rest,
Then for the first time fully know
It's all been for the best.



Lost.

So suddenly he disappeared,
But whither did he go,
Was the mystery of the moment,
Nobody seemed to know.

Words re-echoed from door to door,
A little boy is lost!
The search, from a small beginning,
Soon waxed into a host

Of eager searchers everywhere;
And when the sun went down
The missing child could not be found
In suburbs or in town.

When darkness o'er the mountain spread,
The parents' hope to blight,
Their darling boy ah! where was he?
Alone out in the night.

Not alone. There was an angel
Waiting with lamp in hand
To pilot up the precious soul,
Into the better land.

Anon up through earth's sable night,
Cleaving the vaulted skies,
Beyond the solar systems sped
The Angel with his prize.

The searchers on the mountain side
His little foot prints trace;
And find him calm in death's long sleep,
With lovely up-turned face.

Cold as the snow-white couch beneath,
On which he did recline,
Where he died from the dire effects
Of his terrific climb.

Rejoice for now he's better far
With his Father safe above;
Home in perpetual sunshine,
Light of eternal love.

A Lament.

"Jack Clarkson's shot"! fell on the ear,
With dubious sad surprise;
His slayer calmly told the tale,
Without the least disguise.

Anon the awful truth's revealed,
By watchers of the crown;
Who found his body stark in death,
And brought it to the town,

A spectacle to stir the heart's
Deep passions to a frown;
To see a noble manly form,
So brutally shot down;

Who bravely faced the danger point
At duty's urgent call,
In an unguarded moment met
The assassin's murderous ball.

No more we'll see his manly form,
Erect with measured pace;
Or greet his genial kindly smile,
With prepossessing grace.

He lies at rest in East Treherne,
His earthly journey's o'er;
And for him loved ones silent weep,
On England's far-off shore.

And as we laid him in the grave,
With hearts' responsive ache,
We dropped a sympathetic tear
For his fond mother's sake.

In Memoriam.

◆

O death! you have bereft us
Of one we loved so well;
A friend, a mother's left us,
In higher spheres to dwell.

One of earth's noblest gems,
In life's meridian day,
O God, Thou hast cut down
In Thy mysterious way!

By the throne in robes of white,
The Christian's final goal,
Where all is bliss and light,
She reigns—a ransomed soul.

Nobly on the tide of time
Her bark she wisely steered,
Ne'er collided with the enemy's line,
But rocks and shoals aye cleared.

“Servant of God well done,”
Thou art forever blessed,
A crown of glory thou hast won,
Thy Saviour bids thee rest.



To Miss Mary Dewar.

Mary! a name revered on earth!
A Mary gave our Saviour birth,
A Mary kissed His lovely feet
And to his tomb brought spices sweet,
A Mary rose in night's dark gloom
To weep beside her Master's tomb.
High is the rank those Marys hold,
And oft their deeds of love are told.
And may you, like your great forbears,
Who each a crown of glory wears,
Or her who wrote this foremost page,
The Mary Magdalene of our age,
In virtue's path most brilliant shine,
Another gem to grace the line.



Bereaved.

The summer months have come and gone,
The autumn leaf appears,
And we, dear wife, are left alone,
As 'twas in former years.

Now stripped of all our earthly joys,
Our darling babes so fair,
My heart clings 'round those little toys,
Beside that empty chair.

But still, amidst our earthly gloom,
That shrouds our lonely way,
Let's look away, beyond the tomb,
To heaven's eternal day.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The op'ning buds to heaven conveyed
And bids them blossom there."



On the Death of William Brown.

Arouse, auld herp, frae thy lang slumber,
An' let us sing anither number
In memory o' a frien' that's gane,
Within the vast unkennd domain;
An' pit ye on the best ye hae
An' we will climb Parnassus brae,
An' gie the best we hae tae gie,
For worthy o' a sang is he.
Gien in his ain lo'ed native lays,
Hoo he did spend his earthly days,
Nae ither tongue can tell't sae weel,
Can touch the heart an mak' it feel
The pangs o' grief an' joys that roll
In transport o'er the immaist soul.
He was imperfect like us a',
'The heritage o' Adam's fa';
But what was left o' man divine,
Frae Paradise's gowden mine
O' pure unsullied, sinless ware,
His was indeed an ample share;
To mourn for him wad be a sin—
'Tis for his loved anes left behin'.
He's better far where nae tears fa'—
"In yon Grand Lodge that's far awa'."
Should we revisit auld Lake Shore,
His welcome grasp we'd feel no more,
Nor hear him tell o' youthfu' days
He'd spent 'mang Scotland's heathery braes;
His shepherd's plaid, and empty chair,
Could only tell wha aince was there.
'Neath the first grund he e'er possessed,
His weary limbs are laid at rest;
But far abune the milky way,
His spirit basks in endless day.
He was a man o' Nature's makin',
An' got his learnin' for the takin',
An' drank frae Nature, pure an' simple,
And frae resources vast an' ample.

'Mang meen an' things that did surround him
An' on his clue o' memory wound 'em,
He'd gaither threeds the hale day lang,—
At nicht he'd weave them in a sang;
It micht be some pathetic lay,
On a dear frien' that passed away;
His theme micht be a timid mouse,
Or Robie Barrie's auld log house;
Or mony mair that micht be hinted—
But likely they will a' be printed.
The squirrel couldna pass his feet
Unnoticed, wi' a heid o' wheat,
But frae his pen a sermon brocht,
Designed to teach mankind forethocht:
Though no sae rich in punds an' pence,
A millionaire in common sense,
Near five decades their course hae run
Sin' oor acquaintance first begun.
Through a' these years o' life's brief span,
Somehoo I aye did like the man;
It seemed to gie him muckle joy
Tae joke an' prattle wi' a boy;
Sae, auld an' young, an' a' aroon',
Did aye speak weel o' Wullie Broon.
He spoke to us in sic a way
As we were made o' kindred clay,
An' seemed ta see in life's brief race
The comin' man tae tak' his place,
An' frae his lips nocht ever fell
Wad dae ane's morals ony ill.
O! could we a' dae as he did,
An' keep oor evil passions hid
On Christ the Rock-o'-Ages by,
The Rock on which he did rely,
Then calmly lay earth's harness doon
For tae tak' up a heavenly croon.

On the Athabasca.

To Mr. Wm. Brown, of Annap, Ont.

On the deck of the Athabasca,
With hearts both sad and sore,
We saw "the old home" a-fading
Like a speck on yonder shore.
Ah! how we loved that dear old home!
Since days of Auld Lang Syne
Through many fleeting years has been
My father's home and mine.
I thought of the days now by-gone,
Some four decades and more,
When as a happy stripling boy
Yon hill I wandered o'er;
And oft would pause 'midst forest dense,
And hark with list'ning ear
To catch the sound of Spotty's bell
That rang so loud and clear.
And when the snow lay on the ground,
We filled the forests drear,
And ah! what happy nights we spent
With neighbors held so dear!
And 'neath the summer's sultry sun,
Like Afric's sons a-gogging,
Our handspikes we would nimbly ply
The summer fallow logging.
Farewell again to thee, old home,
My father's home and mine!
Farewell, again, to thee, old friend,
God bless both thee and thine!
And should we never meet on earth,
Bright hopes to us are given
That we shall pass the second birth
And all meet up in Heaven.

The Haggis.

The haggis that my mither made,
I cannot tell ye hoo,
'Twas something far abune the things
They ca' a haggis noo.

'Twas Nannie's maw and Nannie's pluck,
Forbye the spice and meal,
Was everything that she put in't,
An' faith she did it weel.

The maist fastidious couldna help
But relish sic a dinner,
Be he a beggar, duke or king,
A humble saint or sinner.

When faither wi' the gully cut
The stitches made wi' cotton,
Each e'e sae focussed on the sicht
The grace was clean forgotten.

John Bull oot ower his puddin' smiles,
Jean Baptiste ower his puddocks;
Gie Uncle Sam his pork and beans,
Newfoundland, cod and haddocks.

The Dutchman relishes his kraut,
The Italian macaroni,
The Dane gloats ower his beef an' fish,
Gie rice tae Chinese Johnnie;

Gie blubber tae the Esquimaux,
The Spaniard marmalade,
Restore tae me the haggis fine,
Ane like my mither made.

The Pride o' Hunt Hill.

The sun i' the west had gane doon tae his rest,
The face o' auld nature blinked bonnie and still,
The birds 'mang the boughs had a' gane tae repose,
An' only the robin sang clearly and shrill.

Still the core i' my breast was sair ill at rest,
For love it has cares, let ane dae what he will,
My cares suin a' flew, when my e'en got a view
O' her ain bonnie cot on the tap o' Hunt Hill.

An' doon i' the glen was my lassie her lane;
My thochts when I saw her nae mortal can tell,
Her voice was sae sweet, as she then did me greet,
"Yer welcome, dear Johnnie, aye back tae Hunt Hill."

The rose in its pride nicht hae blushed at her side,
An' sae nicht the lily that grows i' the dell;
Though ye ca' them thegither, they'll no mak' anither,
Like Maggie, sweet Maggie, the pride o' Hunt Hill.



The Rose on Geordie's Hill.

(The Author's First Written Song.)

Inspire my muse, ye powers above!
Your rarest gifts bestow,
Tae paint aricht a rose o' love,
Noo bloomin' here below.

The fairest flower in a' the dell,
In autumn daffs its hue,
Synae there's a rose on "Geordie's Hill,"
That blooms the hale year through.

Tho' Eastern win's dae keenly blaw,
And boreal blasts assail,
They only add a richer glow,
That blushes in the gale.

Nature unguarded dis let fa'
Rare morsels sae refined,
That pale the rose, bedim the snaw,
The lily leave behind.

But natural beauties are nae a',
That deck this mountain gem;
Intrinsic wealth of graces fa'
Aroond the parent stem.

Sae wae betide the mail-clad gawk,
That fa's within her range;
She'll bring him doon juist like a hawk,
Sae deedlie are her aims.

She'll no be left lang tae adorn
Her faither's hoose sae fain;
She'll waukin up some blissfu' morn,
Beside some happy swain.

A luckie chield whae'er he be,
Fa's heir to sic a dower;
His days on airth she'll shurely bless,
Tho' fortune roond him lower.

The Old Moss-Back.

High perched upon his rural train,
Upon the topmost sack,
He's off to market with his grain—
The old moss-back.

Who smiles out o'er the whiskey jug
While landlord draws the stopper,
And deftly lifts his rustic plug—
'Tis the old clodhopper.

Who sells his grain by sample pock,
That is very good indeed,
Then lies or blows about the joke—
'Tis the old hayseed.

Who washes every Sunday morn,
And off to church does pack,
And falls to sleep because outworn—
'Tis the old moss-back.

Who works the hardest of his kind,
And gets the smallest copper—
And commonly is left behind—
'Tis the old clodhopper.

But better days are drawing near,
The tide is ebbing back,
United effort soon will cheer
And guide the old moss-back.

The Yin I Will Marry.

Gin I wad never geet a lad,
That wunna drink ava,
Ten thousand times I rather wad
 Nae marry yin at a',
Than spend my days wi' ony man,
In misery and strife,
Than thole the shame and bear the ban
 That waits the drunkard's wife.

I'm tell'd a man may be discreet,
And tak' an ora glass;
His lips w' drink he mayna weet,
 Gin I will be his lass.
Yince they were marrit, lassies think,
They'd keep him frae the bar,
They'll fin' their thochts gane in a blink,
 They commonly geet waur.

The man I'll marry maun be a'
He wants a wife tae be;
An' aye prepared tae kick the ba'
 Richt back again tae me!
An' no' tae think that moral worth
Is a' on woman's side,
An' he the lord o' a' the earth,
 At will can choose his bride.

Gin there is ocht on earth I drea'
It is a drunken man;
It brings a tear aft when I see
 Oor ain poor sister Ann.
Sae I have sworn a solemn aith,
Until the day I dee,
That the man wi' a whiskey braith
 Maun keep awa' frae me.

Could it but on its hind legs stan;
I'd as soon kiss a soo,
As thole the foul breath o' a man,
 Whanever he gets fou.

Dinna Blaw.

Dinna blaw, but praise the Lord,
Wha made ye sae complete,
A master-piece tae look upon,
O' mind and flesh replete.

Gie credit tae the wondrous source,
O' a' guid things the giver,
That frae a common lump o' clay,
Could mak a' things sae clever.

But could ye see a' that ye do
Inherit by the fa',
Ye'd shudder at the very thocht
That mortal man dare blaw.

As geese an' ducks are seaward born,
Sae man wi' pen an' jaw,
Like youngsters wi' a tootin' horn,
Is born tae boast an' blaw.

Editors blaw aboot their toon,
Nocht like it i' the country;
Merchants blaw aboot their wares,
Wi' een doon-richt effront'ry.

Even ministers, wha ocht tae be
Examples tae us a',
At times aloo their sacred valves
Emit an unco blaw.

An' at a conference or assembly,
Or Presbytery meetins,
Storm signals aft are lifted up
For laudatory greetins.

But for een doon-richt-tornado blasts,
An' cyclopean gall,
The politician bears the palm,
That overtops them a'.

The dude, the self-adorin' chit,
The emptiest o' mankind,
In self-conceit he fain wad blaw,
But canna raise the wind.

When fathers and mithers blaw about
Their clever, faultless wean,
'Tis prima facie evidence
O' weakness o' their ain.

Blaw a' ye like aboot the yin
Wha made a' things sae well;
In daein' sae ye canna help
But blaw aboot yersel'.



Why is This Thus?

Yes, it is about the average;
On ony Wednesday nicht,
Attendance at prayer meetins noo
Is geetin' unco licht.

A wheen braw lassies dae attend,
An' wives o' business men;
But hoo their lords dae bide away,
I will noo let ye ken.

We hae a sort o' dispensation,
Frae conscience, muffled drum;
An' if we are no sae disposed,
We dinna need tae come.

Young men occasionally attend,
Tae kill time as it passes;
For their piligim maistly rests
On takin' hame the lassies.

Gin that's a sin, then by its charm,
Millions thro' it hae fell;
E'en Reverend sir, wi' a' yer grace,
Ye've duin the like yersel'.

An' than dae ye no think we men
Hae less account tae gie, man?
And that yer preachin's needed mair
Tae benefit the women?

Altho' we act as we'd nae souls,
The way we them abuse,
Mair than the things that cobblers tack
On bottoms of our shies.

An' one thing seems to bear me oot,
That sic is nature's law;
As visits frae male angels sent,
Nae mortal ever saw.

The world, the devil, and the flesh,
Wi' complimentary greetins,
Three P's, Pleasure, Politics and Purse,
Dae keep us frae the meetins.

Autumn Weeds.

Summer days are ended,
And autumn has begun;
Many things intended
Do still remain undone.

The weeds we have not cut,
About our cottage door,
Will go to seed. O, but
They'll fade and be no more.

'Tis here we do abound
In errors past recall;
The seeds are in the ground
To grow at nature's call.

And grow they surely will,
When showers begin to fall,
In springtime's opening rill,
To ripen in the fall.

Thus with our thoughts and acts,
That unadjusted lie,
Will ripen into facts
That live and never die.

Our only way to keep
Weeds safely out of sight,
Before we go to sleep,
Just cut them every night.

Manitoba Falls.

The autumn of our great Nor' West,
Of all the seasons is the best;
Excepting for th' aerial band,
Our autumn would be something grand.
'Neath cloudless skies a shimm'ring haze
Floods our plains these autumn days
Smiling on hordes of busy swain,
All eager threshing out the grain;
Followed by nights of beauty rare,
Borealis lights' fantastic flare,
Dancing athwart the zenith high,
Illuminating earth and sky;
'Neath silvery moon and glistening star
The burning straw heaps flash afar;
They all combine to make the night
A grand galaxy clear and bright.
From every point the needle beams,
Come on the highways laden teams;
Highways hard as bowling alleys,
O'er level plains, and hills and valleys,
Proverbial grown, needs no revealing,
As Manitoba's "splendid wheeling."
Our equinoctial scavenger now
Does every nook explore, I trow,
And sweeps Miasma clear away
From every cottage door to-day:

Lost or Strayed.

Dear editor, you boast about
The way your things do size,
So that if aught has gone astray
You say "Just advertise."

I'll pay you well to tell me now,
By either hook or crook,
Where I shall find the tools I've lost
And likewise every book.

First on the list is "Priest and Nun,"
A book well worth the reading:
Was lent to someone, dear knows whom,
That has been scant of breeding.

And "Ocean Stories" is another
Book that has gone astray:
The borrower either has forgotten,
Or thought it came to stay.

Another, 'titled "English Poets,"
The gift of a dear friend,
Has gone the way of all the rest,
The victim of a lend.

And "Robbie Burns" was borrowed too,
And then re-lent again;
Where does poor Robbie now reside
Beyond our earnest ken?

Although we have a temperance town,
That benefits the soul,
In temporal things our memories seem
Beyond our own control.

On the Year 1905.

Old year nineteen hundred and five,
You're gone to the shades of the dead;
With a progeny ever alive,
A new year now rules in your stead.

Your reign on the whole has been good,
In the weals and the woes of mankind;
Some lands you have deluged with blood,
To others been moderately kind.

In our home-land your record will thrive,
In the annals of time 'twill appear;
That the year nineteen hundred and five,
Will go down as "a banner year."

And to others your favors have been
Well worthy of keeping in mind;
As the year that gave Norway a king,
With a destiny fully outlined;

And your tiff with the great Russian bear,
Reported to walk like a man;
When he ventured too far from his lair,
Got badly chewed up by Japan;

The biggest sea-fight ever fought,
By man since this old world began;
You saw the big autocrat caught,
And pummeled by the little man.

Truthful James.

I have no use for epithets,
Or any foreign names,
But quite contented to be called
By such as truthful James.

Show me the man to whom the term
Of truthful has been given,
I'll know the man who is not far
Outside the gate of Heaven.

And I can say this much for James
And look you in the eye,
That ever since he can recall,
He's never told a lie.

And thus I pride myself to hold,
Within my heart and mind,
The highest gift of heaven bestowed
On angels or mankind.

In all my dealings with mankind
My highest aim, forsooth,
Is manfully to face the front,
And always speak the truth.

So when I'm dunned by rendered bills,
It is never my intent
To treat the same as hundreds do,
With silent, base contempt.

I meet my dunnings face to face,
And tell them I will pay,
Though years may lapse 'tween promises
That truthful James may say.

No one who lies or makes a lie
Shall enter into Heaven;
In Revelations twenty-two
You'll find the answer given.

Pity the man and woman too
Who'll go so far astray
As to incur the common, "can't
Believe a word they say."

The saddest object left at large
In village, burg or shire,
Is one who is set down by all
As an "habitual liar."



Honest Tom.

My friend, you are an honest man,
As ever truth assailed;
And in your self-adoring theme,
You seem securely mailed.

But let me tell you what I think
Of you, dear truthful James;
Your truthfulness is all pent up
In your own selfish aims.

Expedience, like the magnet, draws;
You ought to stretch a point;
And oft, your truthful fabric shows
Up sadly out of joint.

Shows how a man may truthful be,
But truthfulness incog,
Peel off the mask of selfishness
You stand a full-fledged rogue.

They will denounce this all as bosh,
And laugh at this as funny,
Smile at the jolly times he takes,
On other people's money.

Of him who treats with mute contempt
His debts, I must be brief,
And treat him as a nondescript,
Or unarrested thief.

Now, to conclude my epigram,
And bring the substance home;
I have been nicknamed, like yourself,
I'm known as "Honest Tom."

With truthful James, I arm in arm
Through life do onward plod,
And honest men are said to be
The noblest work of God.

Robert the Good.

Enough, my kinsman, that will do,
You both belong to me,
I claim all virtues that do float
On life's tempestuous sea.

Goodness includes in one grand whole,
Within the soul and mind,
All truth and honor, peace and love,
In harmony combined.

Goodness is such a priceless gem,
Can ne'er be bought or sold
And this world's wealth would come far
short,
E'en were its weight in gold.

The source belongs to God alone,
To give out at his pleasure,
And only to the worthy ones
He gives it without measure.

Real good men are a rarity,
That is far too seldom found,
Upon the path marked out by Christ,
When they should large abound.

Though truthful James may mean the truth,
'Tis done in such a mood
That's calculated to convey
What really is not good.

And honest Tom, although astray,
He breaks away by spells,
And is not always found within
The realm where goodness dwells.

And now, to point the moral out,
Let it be understood
That truth and honor, to be pure,
Must emanate from good.

Lay all the wealth this world can boast
On its terrestrial ball,
Upon the scales, one real good man
Would outweigh it all.

Broken Pledges.

Unfulfilled pledges are so common;
The axiom underlying
Is a flagrant type of falsehood,
The meanest kind of lying.

Fast stains upon our garments may
In time be cleansed away,
But inward stains do leave a blight
On character alway.

Then think of how much injury
Unscrupulous pledges do;
They poison commerce to the core,
Till cancerous through and through.

And in every avocation,
And small detail of life
Broken pledges do engender
Vexation, toil and strife.

And want of confidence in men,
The broken pledge inspires,
Till like King David, in our haste,
We proclaim all men liars.

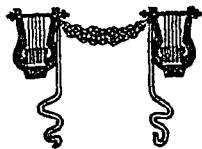
The merchant guarantees his wares,
In good faith, then displays
Such duplicity that people can't
Believe a word he says.

The doctor promises to come,
Just "right away," he said,
Allows the time to slip, and when
He comes the child is dead.

The debtor promises to pay,
And pay, and pay, the brain—
Racked merchant, as he strives to keep
Afloat, but now insane.

The man who'll break a promise made,
In good faith, nothing loath,
Yet can't be trusted on his word,
Needs watching on his oath.

For every promise unfulfilled,
 There is a tally knife,
Inserts a notch on moral-worth,
 That weakens in the strife.



Wife Wanted at Boyne Creek.

Lassie will you come to the Tiger Hills,
Where the Boyne flows down the valleys,
To dwell with the one who loves you dear,
Among England's stalwart Chawleys?

Here we live in a goodly land, sweet lass,
One that teems with milk and honey,
And the social side of life we do prize
Much more than the love of money.

You shall have a boat to sail on the lakes,
Where wild birds sport with each other,
The swan, it plays with the big mallard
drakes,
The pelican sports with the plover.

And at the close of the long summer day,
It is so delightful to hear
The coyote's loud yell keep turkeys at bay,
And the swine old bruin do fear.

Then in the autumn, though rich is the
milk,
For butter you will have little use,
As one day we will feast on a roast of the
elk,
The next on the steak of the moose.

Just say you will come to the Tiger Hills,
Where the Boyne flows down the valleys,
To dwell with the one who loves you dear,
Among England's stalwart Chawleys.

Answer to English Chawley.

BY E. J. McMILLAN.

No English Chawley, I guess I wont go
To live in the hills where the Boyne it doth flow,
Quite picturesque.

Your land is quite good, but it's covered with scrub,
And there's not enough cleared to supply us with grub,
That's a consideration.

Of course you think much of your social life,
But that cuts no figure in keeping a wife
In Manitoba.

I'd rather you'd work and make lots of money,
Or I'd have to milk and the bees make the honey,
While you loafed.

I'm not much in love with the swan or the drake,
And don't like a boat on a half acre lake,
Too much sentiment.

Don't mention the bear or the swine any more,
It is better that you keep the wolf from the door,
That's your business.

While as for our living, why man it's no use
To expect me to live on the elk or the moose
Very long.

Just get up and work, it will do you no harm
To clear all the stumps and the scrub off your farm
Pretty quick.

Then plow up your fields and grow lots of grain,
And build a good house, then come down to the plain
Like a man.

And show to the world that you won in the strife;
And then, not till then, should you look for a wife
And get one.

Sister Sue's Apology.

Chawley, I must apologize
For sister Ann, who's so unwise
And unbecoming,
Too masculine you'll realize
To be a woman.

When off the handle she does hie
Poetic fire inflames her eye,
And brilliant sallies
Most recklessly she does let fly
To chafe the Chawleys;

And taunt them with their lots of scrub,
Insinuate a lack of grub
And scant of money,
Then fling at them a full bred snub
About their honey.

Ann is so unsocial in her mind,
Thinks work the chief end of mankind;
Do all we can,
She will despise all things refined,
My sister Ann.

She sneers at your majestic lakes,
And cares not for the swan or drakes,
And has no use
For wolf or bear, she even hates
The elk and moose.

And in her ire Ann grows quite warm
And bids you go clear up your farm,
To end the strife,
Then build a house both big and warm,
She'll be your wife.

But over all Ann's so outspoken
That mother's heart is nearly broken
With her wild rallies,
And then she says things so provoking
About the Chawleys.

There are sister Kate and Liz and Fan
All on the lookout for a man
 Along the valleys;
Ann thwarts our efforts all she can
 To land the Chawleys.

But if you want a money grub
To wash, to bake, to mend, to scrub,
 Then your best plan—
Make up your mind to take a snub
 And marry Ann.



Ann's Answer to Sue.

BY E. J. McMILLAN.

Now Chawley, here's the chance for you,
For Kate and Liz and Fan and Sue
Are willing.

They are sentimental, and you will find
They are up-to-date and just the kind
To suit you.

They dance and row and play and sing,
In fact can do most anything
But work.

They paint their faces, curl their hair,
And with sweet perfume scent the air
And themselves.

But wash or scrub or bake or sew
Or tend the baby, Oh dear no!
That's vulgar.

They say I'm masculine and rude,
And in their judgment not much good,
May be.

But oh! it nearly makes me cry
To see them eat my cakes and pie,
No fault there.

They stay in bed till almost noon.
Then up and call out "Ann, how soon
Can you get breakfast?"

They lay the blame on poor rough me
That lovers don't come round to see
Their charms.

If that's the case I'll take the train,
And never strike this place again,
Till they're all married.

When the Wheat's All In.

Anticipation and realization contrasted; suggested by
"Hayseed's" poem on "The Music of the Wheat."

No music in the air,
 When the wheat's all in;
At least it's very rare,
 When the wheat's all in;
There is grumbling on the street,
'Mong the business men you meet,
For the harvest's incomplete,
 When the wheat's all in.

The agent he is there,
 When the wheat's all in;
Minus his genial air,
 When the wheat's all in;
Likewise his jokes and puns,
Now it's all push and duns,
'Tis he the farmer shuns,
 When the wheat's all in.

The shoddy man's around,
 When the wheat's all in;
With no uncertain sound,
 When the wheat's all in;
For if the case is short,
He will make them hustle for't,
And put them through the court,
 When the wheat's all in.

The railways how they fool,
 When the wheat's all in;
And make a cast-iron rule,
 When the wheat's all in;
To do just as they please,
No matter how they squeeze,
They take things at their ease,
 When the wheat's all in.

And what more can we say,
 When the wheat's all in;
As the music dies away,
 When the wheat's all in;
As on Thanksgiving Day,
How many met to say,
"Thanks, Lord, now and for aye,"
 When the wheat's all in.



The Drunkard's Wife.

(A TRUE TALE)

Pallid and cold on her ragged bed,
At rest from the toils and strife,
Shrivelled and stark in the arms of death,
Sleeps the drunkard's wedded wife.

Could she but see from the spirit land,
Her famishing babe oppressed,
Striving to bare with its feeble hand,
Its dead mother's icy breast!

Such is one of the millionth parts
Of the scenes the world can show,
Of the anguish, pain and broken hearts,
From this direful scourge of woe.

Alfred did not chide her, beat or frown,
When drunk he was prone to smile;
'Twas drink's dreadful curse that dragged
him down
To a walking imbecile.

Ah! what a farce, what a laughing-stock,
We make ourselves at the best;
Our selfish aims, how often they block
Ways to relieve the oppressed!

Quite regardless of the march of death,
Or the orphan's plaintive cry;
As it wilts beneath the stifling breath
Of the drunkard's human sty.

Regardless of the immoral wrecks,
That fill our criminal cells;
And the overwhelming cause reflects
From our legalized hotels.

Then for Local Option poll your vote,
A deed you will never rue;
Then when by the horns we've got the goat
We will know what it can do.

Tho 'twill not affect our local town
So very much whatever;
As we've only toppers of renown,
Who'll likely drink forever.

But our boys we fathers must defend,
From the drink's destroying sway;
And the licensed victualer, to the end,
For God's sake, keep away!



The Hen.

The hen is the most useful bird
Among the feathered group,
And it seems cruelly absurd
To cage her in a coop.

She is such a jolly hustler,
Scratching and cackling, aye;
An early morning bustler,
Out at the break of day.

There's no domestic quadruped,
Or biped 'neath our ken,
From which such profits can be made
As from the same old hen.

And she's toothsome on the table,
In either wing or leg,
And far renowned in fable
Is the everlasting egg.

She's the gentlest of all mothers,
When foes are not in sight,
But when assailed by others
She's furious in a fight.

Her lord, the rooster, forth he goes,
With proud majestic stride,
He flaps his wings, he caws, he crows,
Then struts around his bride;

An absolute polygamist,
A Mormon to the core;
Though ten times ten a bigamist,
He's off in search of more.

And like Fitzsimmons he will fight
And glory in the strife,
And claims 'tis absolutely right
To steal his neighbor's wife.

Hens are the gardener's inborn foes,
And cause of many a ruffle
Of angry words, oft end in blows
In a domestic scuffle.

And worse than blows has been the strife
When all is told that's done;
Many a hen has lost her life
From paterfamilias' gun.



The Braw Toon o' Treherne.

On the banks o' the bonnie Boyne river
 That wimples 'mang willow an' fern,
 Amidst scenes aye sae heartsome an' cheerie
 Sits oor ain braw toon o' Treherne.

It wad seem that the guid hand o' nature
 Had a' the three graces let fa',
 As in nae ither pairt o' the prairie
 Or province o' Manitoba.

But oor natural scenery, tho' bonnie,
 'Tis no a' about it we can blaw;
 We hae ither attractions fu' monie,
 Oor laddies an' lassies sae braw.

But there's something mair yet maun be
 added,
 Before I am duin wi' my sang,
 And that is the musical talent
 That tae oor braw toon dis belang.

There's the Parkers, the Winklers, the
 Stewarts,
 The Rosses, Will Rogers, Dan Hawe,
 And the Buchbachs, McAdams, Miss Gor-
 don,
 And Mrs. J. K. 'mang them a'.

Tak things a' and a' as they're gien us,
 It disna tak long tae discern
 That we've lots tae be thankfu' atween us,
 In this oor braw toon o' Treherne.

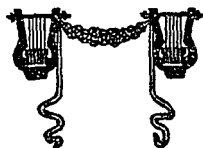
We've finest o' water ootside o' the Nile,
 An' plenty o' wood on the hills,
 Vast areas o' uncomparable soil,
 That yearly oor granary fills.

The yin, wi' a' that, can thankless remain,
 A sponge on the bountiful land,
 Should be exported on C. P. R. train,
 Tae farm 'mang stanes, gravel and sand.

January.

O' a' the months within the year,
January, thou art the peer,
Baith in an' oot,
Yer ither brithers may come near,
But nae sae stoot;
Mair family ties ye dae renew
Than onie month the hale year throo;
An' then again,
Mair nuptial knots are tied by you,
Or in your reign;
Yer aulder brither's gloomie face
A funeral pall hangs ower his race
Frae year tae year,
Wi' a' his sulks he maun gie place
Tae Christmas cheer.
Yer younger brither he may flicht,
An' rave an' roar wi' a' his micht,
'Mang whirlin' drift,
But yet he canna hide the sicht
O' yae sma' rift,
As Phoebus, wi' his short'nin rays,
At midday weets his hoary claes,
E'en for a while,
An' ger's him calm his angry gaze,
An' gie a smile;
But ye hae got the crystal key,
An' can unlock, when fit ye see,
Jock Frost's big maw,
An' block the roads an' blin the e'e
Wi' frost an' snaw.
There's nothing seems tae please ye better
Than whummle ower a sleigh or cutter,
Wi' new-made brides,
An' laugh tae see them sprawl an' sputter,
Maist split yer sides.
I mind fu' weel a' sicht like this is,
Tho' no wi' brides, but common misses
We're toppled low
Wi' guifs like moles hawkin for kisses
Amang the snow.
Wi' a' yer fauts, nane can compare,

Ye aye hae taen the lion's share
In commerce keen,
Tae fill the streets an' market square—
Guid nicht auld frien'.



A Bondsman Unwittingly.

You're shackled firmly, soul and body,
A worldling bound in chains,
Of self-made links that bind you to
How best increase your gains.

If not a pent-up worldling,
Then curb that vanity;
It may be that you are a slave
To vile profanity.

Or you may be a slave to drink,
A crime of all most shocking;
Or you may be an iron-bound slave
To chewing and to smoking.

It may be so, you say you don't
Either touch, taste or handle,
Yet bound with slavery's vilest tie,
You may be steeped in scandal.

Or, worse than that, you may be bound,
As with a wagon tire,
And singled out by neighbors all,
As "the habitual liar."

All right, as far as we have gone,
Deeds seem all in your favor;
Then let us test you further on,
You truly love your neighbor?

And are not jealous of his deeds,
Nor envious of his wealth;
Has pride, that hateful monster, got
No hold upon yourself?

Your moral character may be
Quite ready for the grave,
But if you are not born again
You're Satan's abject slave.

Church Goers.

Yes, I answer, go to the church,
'Tis the best place for you
To spend some time on Sabbath day,
Ev'n from a temporal view:

Most restful place from toil and care
Within the church you'll find;
The preacher does the work, you rest
The flesh, he feeds your mind;

And better fits you to resume
The Monday morning's work,
With mind and body both refreshed
By being at the Kirk.

There few domestic cares intrude,
Or wrangling words alloy
The sanctimonious atmosphere,
Our best thoughts to annoy.

That church goers lead in Christian lands
It stands without debate;
For temporal, moral, spiritual sway
They guide the "ship of state."

They also lead in social life,
In time of peace and war,
And in philanthropic enterprise
Their vanguard leads afar.

Church goers are the "ristocrats,"
Elite, "the upper ten,"
Attract respect, and get it too,
From non-church-going men;

And on the whole make better men
And better women still,
As all-round citizens they do
Life's duties best fulfill.

But such, young friend, does only touch
The human point of view,
Church goers hold a higher rank
Provided they are true;

Or truly go to church because
The spirit prompts them there,
To meet in fellowship and love
Within God's house of prayer.

"I joyed when to the house of God
Go up they said to me,
Jerusalem within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be."



Single and Married Dames.

While single dames, with all their charms,
Bring poets to their knee,
Compel them cry, 'tis far too high,
We cannot reach the key;

Yet married wives, whose useful lives
Are spent in watchful days,
No gifted bard does them reward
With sonnets in their praise.

But airy belles, those high-toned belles,
Are high extolled in song,
As angels bright or things of light—
To earth do not belong.

Let them get her for worse, for better,
Such things are not uncommon;
The sylph so bright, stands in his sight,
A real earth-born woman.

Let youth enjoy, with mixed alloy,
The viewless whims of "Miss,"
But I'll extol, with heart and soul,
The charms of wedded bliss.

The Banging of the Hair.

Once a pretty little dear,
 So beautiful and bright;
Now the crows will fly for fear,
 When tufty comes in sight.
CHORUS:—Hay the banging, ho the banging,
 Hay the banging of the hair,
Did you ever, no I never
 Saw a thing look such a scare.

Where is now the sunny brow,
 The auburn locks so fair?
Gone, or else lie hidden now
 Beneath a tuft of hair.
 Hay the banging, etc.

The only thing we can compare
 To missey's tufted heap,
Just as nature put it there
 Adorns the cotswold sheep.
 Hay the banging, etc.

Not only maids but matrons vain,
 Priests' wives I do declare,
To keep aboard Dame Fashion's train,
 Do bang off half their hair.
 Hay the banging, etc.

Local Option Defeated in South Norfolk in 1897.

◆

The Devil and man met in strife at the poll,
To settle the point as to who'd have control
Of the spirit-God Bacchus, called King Alcohol,
Whose chief end's the ruin of body and soul;
We'll o'er the dark scene let the curtain now drop,
With man underneath and the devil on top.
At Rathwell he holds high carousaling grand,
The gospel shut out by the laws of the land,
Not only life's social enjoyments to mar
But dealing damnation "free" over the bar.
Treherne has no license, but aye she indulges,
Till someone the naked truth open divulges;
The voice of the law then loudly it "hollers",
Imposes a fine of a few hundred dollars;
"Farcical," cries Satan, 'tween a sneer and guffaw,
"Our drinkers care little for gospel or law,
Your fines and imprisonments are all in vain,
Too frivolous to stop us, we'll do it again."
In Holland drink's reign is a trifle more wide,
Embracing the realm of a dire suicide.
Its influence, "God knows," we might go a step further
And say it had something to do with a murder;
As strong drink and murder have long been allied
In dark deeds of murder and sly suicide.
And Cypress, though hailed out with stones from the sky,
On the ruins an altar to Bacchus raised high,
Costing six thousand dollars and called a hotel,
That might be translated earth's highway to hell;
For no other agency Satan controls
Does entrap and destroy such a number of souls,
That down to perdition unceasingly sink,
As pitiable objects, the serfs of strong drink.

Ebbie's Awa.

Come every lad, that's in distress,
Come murn wi' me an' let's confess
Hoo great's oor fa';
For mine I doot will suin be brief—
Ebbie's awa.

She wha sae lang has taen the shine
Aff a' the lassies o' the line,
She was sae braw,
But weel-a-wait this heart o' mine—
She's taen awa.

There's michel Beattie, puir wee mannie,
He's like a lamb strayed frae its mammie
'Mang drift an' snaw;
I'd like tae soothe him but I canna—
Ebbie's awa.

An' Jamie Thamson, he is sad,
An' Sandy's ravin' nearly mad,
Hugh Ross an' a';
Bill Nisbet, he has taen to bed—
Ebbie's awa.

An' puir Bob Clark dis dowie stray,
His heed's bent doon wi' care an' wae,
His beard an' a';
I doot his hair wull suin be gray—
Ebbie's awa.

Ye steam boats, blaw yer whusles shrill,
An' send the soond ower muir an' dell,
Wi' dreadful blaw,
That Sydenham wide can a' hear tell—
Ebbie's awa.

Ye hoolets, wi' yer eerie drone,
For us but gie ane midnight moan
Whan licht's awa,
'Twill comfort us wha nichtly groan—
Ebbie's awa.

O Ebbie dear! wull ye no come back?
 I doot oor very hearts wull break,
 Or split in twa,
 Could we but geet ae single smack,
 'Twad mend us a'.



Robin Red Breast.

Welcome, robin red breast,
First messenger of spring,
Glad to see you back, pet,
Again to hear you sing:

Perched on the topmost bough
Of our tall maple tree,
Piping your morning song
Above the chick-a-dee!

Tell us what you've seen, pet,
Beneath the southern sky,
Where eagles plume their wings
On rock and mountain high;

And where the marriage tie
Is only held by courses,
And legal firms are employed
In writing out divorces;

Where it is, too, illegal
To flog the kids in school;
Small wonder that Judge Lynch
Has got his hands so full.

• 'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Just when my mate and "me"
Were nestling our young ones
On a wide-spreading tree.

The air was rent with yells,
In darkness drawing near,
They begged hard for mercy,
Were frantic, too, with fear;

A ladder was soon hoisted,
A rope was flung around,
Anon two negro victims
Arose from off the ground.

And at the dawn of morning
Two lynchers hove in view;
On looking up exclaimed
"Gee, we've hanged the wrong two!"

Simon's Wife's Mother.

A son of Erin's verdant Isle
Once landed in New York,
And as he was a man of toil,
Went out in search of work.

On Sabbath morning off he went,
As most good people do,
And found himself in church intent,
And seated in a pew.

The preacher he grew eloquent,
And pictured out to view
The blessings God has always sent
Among the good and true.

The text was "Simon's wife's mother,"
And no one could relieve her;
But how soon she did recover,
When Christ rebuked the fever.

In middle of the afternoon,
Pat sought out pastures new,
In another portion of the town
Was seated in a pew.

And there the selfsame preacher stood,
And in his wonted strain,
In eloquent and pleasing mood
Preached the sermon o'er again.

And in the evening Pat once more
Heard the discourse repeated,
For eloquence and high-toned lore
The speaker oft was greeted.

The preacher turned, asked who could tell,
With visage somewhat white,
The cause that makes our minute bell
Ring out so late tonight.

As the ferry-boat was crossing o'er,
A bell began to toll,
When nearing the Brooklyn shore,
Rang out the minute sol.

Pat caught the spark, his Irish wit
Burst out into a flame,
"Your Reverence the cause, sure, we've hit,
Allow me tell the same."

"Sure it's Simon's wife's mother dead,
Death did not come so quick,
You know three times today you said
That she was pretty sick."



A Satire.

On some of the women whose propensities for church going was somewhat irritating to the better disposed.

Ye female members, noo tak tent,
For at your backs I noo am bent,
In satire keen,
Tae gie ye juist a wee bit hint
About yer een;

At the Lord's hoose ilka Sunday,
Tae tell ye o't I really mun-dae,
It grieves me sair
Tae be obliged tae sit amang ye
And see ye stare;

And gin a stranger shows his face
The wye ye glower it's a disgrace;
Maist look him throo,
There's no a wrinkle in his face
But's kenned by you;

And should a pair thegither yerket
Come tae the kirk for tae be kirket,
Noo for a look,
Syne every e'e O, hoo ye jerk it
Frae aff yer book!

And sic muckle saucer een,
Een that can glower but naething mean,
Void o' expression!
Drap it at yince for it's a' mean
And vile transgression.

The Dialogue of Districts.

Edmonton, in my opinion,
 Stands foremost in our grand Dominion;
 La! Northerner, your words miscarry,
 Your panegyric suits Calgary; .
 Come now, you can well afford
 The foremost place to Battleford.
 Pshaw, you three are speaking loud,
 Peerless above stands Fort McLeod.
 "Great Scott!" you must astray been led,
 When you passed by our Indian Head.
 "Old pile o' bones," have you naught worth
 while,
 To say about your capital soil?
 Come east, come east, the soil you stand on
 Is sterile when compared with Brandon.
 Not quite so far, I tell you Griswold
 Can grow more grain, and that by two-fold.
 Carefu', carefu', man hoo dare ye?
 Juist think upon Portage la Prairie.
 Ha, listen to my little ditty,
 You can't begin with Rapid City,
 Ha! ha! yours never can compare
 With our rich soil around Strathclair.
 And what of that, 'twill sometimes fail,
 A thing unknown around Newdale.
 I tell you all the soil most fertile,
 Is found around the town of Birtle.
 All bosh, you make a sad mistake,
 'Tis richer far around Oak Lake.
 It's shameful, men, the way you do lie,
 When 'tween you two lies peerless Beulah.
 Yes and you have something yet to learn,
 A man that's never seen Treherne.
 Treherne's eclipsed and that by far, man,
 It would make you all to shout for joy,
 Were you but out at Clandeboye.
 Come now, the truth you must not shirk,
 We know you meant that for Selkirk.
 I tell you friends, and once for all,
 It seems to me it is Stonewall.

Too far north, your speech is vain,
Were you ever out at Deloraine?
Daft gowk, 'twad set ye a' a-laughin'
Tae see the crops grow roon Lake Dauphin.
If you will all go home with me,
You'll never budge from Meadowlea.
The name is sweet, but I'll be bound,
You'd rather live at Pilot Mound.
That's a fact, the thing is true,
But better far is Manitou.
Now gentlemen, one word I beg,
You all must bow to Winnipeg.
Speak low, speak low, you're out of place,
Just come out to St. Boniface.
East yet, east yet, pray just keep still,
Hark, how the birds sing on Birdshill!
On yet, on yet, you all must yield
The palm of victory to Springfield.
Hush up ye bards, our great Northwest
Is all the best, the very best.



Thanksgiving Day.

Some were busy in the fields,
The stubble plowing under,
Quite certain, if they lost a day,
They'd make a mighty blunder.

Some were engaged around the yards,
A-fixing up the stables,
Or on a ladder perched on high,
A-mending up the gables.

And some were threshing out the grain,
These were the biggest cranks,
Who wished to know how it turned out
Before they rendered thanks.

Some could be seen with guns in hand,
A-walking like the dickens,
Quite evident they were intent
On murdering prairie chickens.

Some thought best to stay at home,
Because the day was murky,
And help their wives and children eat
Plum pudding and roast turkey.

Some did go off to visit friends,
In rigs with horses prancing,
And on the light fantastic toe,
At night were gaily dancing.

And last a few, a very few,
Among the varied ranks,
Did to the house of God repair
To give united thanks.

Anger Resteth in the Bosom of Fools.

He who cannot calmly wait
What his opponent has to state
In argument or in debate,
 Whate'er it be,
Belongs outright to the light weight,
 Whoe'er he be.

Who will not reason well the case,
And look his neighbor in the face,
But off the handle flies "apace,"
 He's got a want
That's natural to the human race—
 He's ignorant;

And has not learned the moral plan
That constitutes the gentleman,
Who courtesy keeps in the van
 At all hazards,
His duty to his fellow man
 He strictly guards.

The Silent Wheels of Time.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual course have run,
And far athwart the western sky
Recedes the setting sun.

The poplar and the willow groves,
In yellow garments clad,
The feathered songsters from their midst
To southern lands have fled.

Our national badge, the Maple grand,
Late clothed in robe of green,
Arrayed in autumn's lovely tints,
Still reigns our forest queen.

Morn after morn a glorious sun
Dispels the smoky haze,
That lingers through the silent hours
From prairie fires ablaze.

Steam threshers hum on every hand,
With men and teams a-field,
A-threshing out the golden grain,
With an abundant yield.

Industrious out over the land
Are ploughmen all the day;
Expectant hope with golden wand
Incessant points the way;

To golden ages still to come,
When our great western plain
Among the favored lands of earth
No second rank will claim;

When from every compass of the globe
Shall teeming millions hie,
And share with us God's richest gifts
Our country can supply.

After Johnnie.

Mr. John Lock's periodical clearing sales at large discounts annoyed the other firms as during the week their calls were light; they resolved to allow Johnny to do the advertising, and they would underrate him on short notice.

Loach a' oor merchants in a flock,
The hale week lang wi' heavy stock,
Hae a' been chasin' Johnnie Lock,
 Wi' his cheap ware;
Tryin' his schemin' wiles tae block,
 And get a share.

First J. K. Mac, wha's awa doon
At the west end o' oor fair toon,
Has mair than run oor Johnnie doon
 Wi' cent. per cent.,
And got the lion's share the loon,
 And is content.

Then Wullie Scott and Jock his brither,
Were yokit in the race thegither,
Though at the start 'twas wi' a swither,
 Unkenne'd by ony;
'Twas obvious that the men o' leather
 Were after Johnnie.

Sam an' Freddie made a big slash,
Tae ward aff Johnnie frae the cash;
Centum, per centum, they did dash
 Wi' nimble spiels,
An' at the goal made matters clash
 At Johnnie's heels.

When little Bennie heard the racket,
He donned his home-made discount jacket,
A hobby-horse he aft had backit,
 A native pony;
A whup tae match he loodly crackit
 While chasin' Johnnie.

When Charlie saw the crood pass by
He liftit up the hue-an'-cry;
As on Shanks neggie mounted high,
 His trusted cronie,
He in the chase did keenly vie,
 Tae capture Johnnie.

As they were passing Howard's front,
He was indulgin' in a lunt;*

"Keep me," he said, an' wi' a grunt

Threw by his money;

Twenty per cent. he aff did shunt,

An' after Johnnie.

But Johnnie's e'e was on his pocket,

Whate'er he thocht he never spokit,

But his auld farrant smile provokit:

(They said he'd mistit,)

A smile frae them he aye oot jockied

This time assisted.



* Lunt—a Smoke.

The Suicide.

Insane! Oh yes, he must have been;
We say without comment,
That few who cut the vital thread
Are sane, at the last moment.

The fool is one who never had,
Or did lose all his reason,
And is irresponsible for acts,
Both in and out of season.

The most consummate fool is he
Who takes away his life;
With intent to lessen, or escape,
Impending shame or strife.

Could we but trace the suicide
Beyond the mortal goal,
And see the writhing spirit rent,
In agony of soul!

Torn with regret and keen remorse,
For what's been left behind,
One day in hell, he finds, outweighs
Earth's terrors all combined;

Which at the worst are as a drop,
In death's eternal sea;
Where awful silent darkness reigns,
Through all eternity.

Granting the Bible's hell has been
An error on record
By human agency, a myth
Recorded in God's word,

With no such thing as fire to burn,
Undying worms to gnaw
Th' undying vitals of the lost,
Nor "tortured ghosts" to awe;

Myth or no myth, men have gone through
The torments of lost souls,
And passed through all the stages that
The Bible's hell unrolls.

Why discriminate with suicides?
All unsaved in a sense,
Die spiritually suicides,
And choose their recompense.



Spring-Time in Manitoba.

Folks say that spring's cam roon again;
Gin that be sae we canna tell,
'Tis sae unlike the spring-tide reign
Whar yince we used tae dwell.

Nae gentle breezes ever blaw,
Or saft mild zephyrs play
Aroon the wreaths o' lingering snaw,
An' pit them a' away.

Nae April shoors fa' in the spring
Tae rouse the slummerin' groun,
Nae bloomin' orchards tae be seen
Like flower pots dotted roon.

A landscape mantled a' in green,
Wi' fragrant blossoms hoar;
Nae rushin' brooks fa' ower the lins,
Wi' far-flung, muffled roar.

Sunshine alone melts a' the snaw,
The air is harsh and dry,
That frae his rays reflects a glow
That nearly blins the eye.

Auld Boreas, wi' his hoary head,
Delights sic pranks tae play,
At nicht maist freeze yin stiff in bed,
Parboil him the next day.

We thocht in April he had gane
Tae simmer at the Pole,
An' see hoo we'd get on alane,
Free frae his harsh control.

An' syne we a' began tae smile,
Man, beast an' field looked gay,
He grupt us in his hoary toil
About the first o' May.

Syne auld an' young, wi' croaking voice,
Began tae hauck an' cough,
He left twa inches thick o' ice
Upon the waterin' trough;

An' nipped the grain abun the ground,
He brooned the prairies o'er,
La grippe, la grippe he left around
At ilka cottage door.



Auld Scotch Songs.

Do sing to me one of the old Scotch lays,
As mother so often was wonted to do,
At the old farm house in the far-away days
When we dwelt in the Township of Waterloo.

During long winter nights, with father
‘ frae hame’

At Galt or at Paris, ’twas one of the two,
Busy testing their skill at the “roaring
game,”

Around the big hearthstone our chairs in
we drew.

Some scenes far away one can clearly recall
As the big iron swing, the shovel and
tongs,

Of “one thousand and one,” mind nothing
at all,

But I’ll never forget mother’s “auld
Scotch songs.”

Such as “Auld Robin Gray,” “My Nannie’s
Awa,”

“Bonnie Banks O’ Loch Lomond,” “My
Ain Countrie,”

“Come under my Plaidie, th’ Nicht’s Gaun
tae fa,”—

The hame ance sae dear, noo is nae hame
tae me.

When the “Muses” were touring, prospec-
tive in view,

To set up a kingdom to them would be-
long,

O’er green Caledonia their mantles they
threw,

Insuring Old Scotland unrivalled in song.

There's no other dialect that's gifted so
rare

In decking old nature so amply replete;
Her martial war songs are beyond all com-
pare,

Love songs most pathetic and tenderly
sweet.

When "Mars," the war demon, with dirk
and claymore,

Came up to establish the birth place of
war,

After scanning each hemisphere 'tween
shore and shore,

He set up a fort 'mong the caves o' Brae-
mar.

When "Apollo" passed over, dispensing
"the graces"

Promiscuously round this spherical ball,
At Scotland he paused and founded a basis
For a Patriotic International Hall.

Old "King Alcohol," the spirit-God "Bac-
chus,"

With carcass besotted, voice clamorous
and husky,

In Pandemonium held a formal caucus
Or order-in-council to make "Hieland
whusky,"

That's caused "Bonnie Scotland" much
misery and shame,

And will "cause" Manitoba, unless we're
intent

And do wisely play our political game,
With a single eye to a good government.

The Contrast.

If such could be, O what a happy life
Ev'n in this world, free from all moil and strife,
Free from the scourge of scandal's cutting knife,
And likewise many others
Of life's sorrows, that would become less rife
Were all men truly brothers!

'Twere well if frequently we'd calmly look
Within the pages of God's Holy Book,
Where selfishness and greed, with stern rebuke,
Are ruthless cast aside,
As human ulcers goodness cannot brook
Or deign to dwell beside;

But loves to drink in with impunity
The beauties of life's opportunity,
All blended in a happy unity
In love's luxuriant bowers,
Nature's harmonious community,
Composed of birds and flowers;

Or in the nobler, higher human sphere
Where love's unsullied charms so pure and clear,
And where each other's interests are held dear
In loving social ties,
Misfortune draws the sympathetic tear,
And heartfelt prayers arise.

Let's now contrast the baser human side,
And mark the ebbing and the flowing tide
Of selfishness, on bartering horse astride,
Making no jest of it,
His fellowmen he deigns to override,
"And get the best of it."

Self-pent he has no room for others' weal;
For self he's always ready for a deal
Be't for barter, cash, chattels or real
Estate, he cares not whether,
So long as he alone on fortune's wheel
Can draw the dimes together.

Again we find him on a higher range,
Once trusted member of the Grain Exchange,
Appointed by the people to arrange
 Things honest, void of pelf,
Alas! their interests he did soon estrange
 And centered all on self.

Enough, enough! to him let's bid adieu,
Return again among the good and true;
It is not safe to linger long in view
 Of anything that chills,
Or tarnishes as this is sure to do,
 With our unstable wills.

Again within the walls where goodness dwells,
There grace controls and charity excels,
There virtue rules and chastity expels;
 Or curbs the impure thought,
And with ungodliness the heart rebels,
 That is with goodness fraught.

Fortified anew, let us go back again,
And in the darkness view the haunts of men,
As such will help to broaden out our ken,
 Though only on the brink;
Of death's fell, deep and dark remorseless glen,
 Look here, what do you think?

I think we're far enough and now demur,
As it is hard to say what might occur,
And on our good intentions cast a slur;
 My goodness! what a smell
Exhaling from some bacchanalian spur,
 Or some low gambling hell!

It is affirmed by those who drink refuse,
That drunkenness in town is quite profuse,
And that miniature bars are kept in use;
 That's so, we blush to tell it,
Not only low enough themselves to abuse
 But mean enough to sell it.

I thought this was a prohibition town,
Where sale of drink was rigidly put down,
That on illicit sales your people frown
 And mark their disapproval,

By taking instant action with the crown
For the culprit's removal.

Sorry to say our Government confide
Their interest solely on the other side,
And on Joe Seagram's "Old Tom" horse astride,
Have in good men's opinion
Disgraced the fair name of our province wide
Before the whole Dominion.



Adam and Eve Before the Fall.

How did Adam look before the fall,
Was he symmetrical and tall,
Corpulent and low set,
His facial contour large or small,
A blonde or a brunette?

We may surmise this much of him,
Perfection posed in every limb,
In sympathy complete,
His Maker's image shone within
A form with grace replete.

The very best that could be found,
The finest clay from hallowed ground
By Eden's living springs
Built an earthly house profound,
Fit for the King of Kings.

When the Almighty Maker viewed
His wondrous work, pronounced it good,
Well fashioned to control,
The lifeless clay he then imbued
With an immortal soul;

Made to fulfill th' eternal plan,
To rule on earth, lead in the van,
And human after all;
Not only the "Divine" in man
Did suffer by the fall.

Attending angels from the skies
Stood looking on in glad surprise,
As th' animated clay,
Began to pulsate, open eyes,
Arise and walk away;

Sole monarch of all things on earth,
Unsullied in creation's birth,
Untarnished by the fall,
A man of common sense and worth,
Great father of us all.

Creation still lay undefined
Within th' Almighty Maker's mind,
 Graces still unfurled,
His masterpiece was womankind,
 The glory of the world.

If ever the infinite mind
Was taxed for something more refined
 Than what was made in common,
It must have been when God designed
 And fashioned lovely woman.

How long was Adam, we're not told,
In single bliss within the fold,
 Till hymen did appear,
And brought a help-meet, (not a scold,)
 That changed his whole career.

Not only to himself apace,
But to his whole succeeding race
 Came ruin by the fall,
O'er Eden's fair and smiling face
 It threw a funeral pall.

It must have been a happy life
To Adam and his loving wife,
 Not the faintest ruffle
Of discord or domestic strife
 Life's joys to muffle.

In fancy we can see the pair
Within the beauteous vast parterre,
 After a morning shower,
With Eve the fairest 'mong things fair,
 Herself the fairest flower.

Mild zephyrs follow morning showers,
With perfume "of a thousand flowers"
 Borne on the balmy air;
The lion, sportive 'mong the bowers,
 Plays with the happy pair.

No foulsome odors to annoy
The exercise of sweet employ;
 Nor grief nor pain nor tears;
Hail nor mildew to destroy;
 Nor imaginary fears.

And when the shades of evening drew
A sable curtain o'er the view,
 Their nightly vigils keep,
Their grateful thanks again renew,
 Then cuddle down to sleep.



Faith and Works.

Faith and Works sailed in a boat,
From Calais bound for Dover,
Said Faith, "I am not going to pull,
I've faith that we'll get over."

"Come now," said Works, "the wind is fair,
Let us be up and doing,
We cannot get too quickly there,
Methinks a storm is brewing."

"Have faith in God who rules the storm,
And stills the troubled air;
Have faith in the almighty arm,
And He will take us there."

"All right, friend Faith, we are at one,
You're logically right,
Let's prove our faith by taking hold,
And pull with all our might."

"Just mark my words now, good friend
Works,
Before the day is over,
That by my faith, and not our works,
We will be both at Dover."

"The wind is fair, good Faith, you see,
But ominous is yon sky,
There's tempest in yon fleecy clouds,
Gradually drawing nigh."

"You say, friend Works, the wind is fair,
Then you have naught to fear,
As I will pray for speed apace,
You'll calmly sit and steer."

"The wise in heart 'forestall,' dear Faith,
Goods for the vacant shelves,
Believing God helps willing hands
Who try to help themselves."

"'Tis not by might, nor yet by power,
'By my spirit, saith the Lord,'
'By faith the walls of Jericho
Fell according to God's word."

"I doubt, friend Faith, you're mixing up
Miracles with 'trust,'
(Which is a better word than 'faith')
For work or fail we must."

"Just take our present case, friend Works,
My arguments speak loud;
We're drifting merrily along,
Spite of your ominous cloud."

"All right, friend Faith, it may be so,
You speak with good intent,
Albeit it may yet turn out
A dangerous experiment."

"What can be more convincing 'works?'
Deny you scarcely dare,
That the progress we are making
Is answer to my prayer."

"Work out your own salvation, Faith,
These words you must have read,
'Be ye therefore up and doing,'
'Faith without works is dead';"

"By the deeds of the law,' we read,
'No man is justified,'
And if faith without works is dead,
Then I am satisfied

"That Faith and Works together must,
In harmony and love,
Amalgamate ere they can bring
Down blessings from above."

"Dear Works, you've lectured long enough,
Hark to the thunder's roar,
Methinks I almost can discern
Our port on Dover's shore."

"Anon you'll fully realize
By actual demonstration,
Your fervent arguments comprise
A vague hallucination."

"As on we drift before the blast,
On storm-tossed raging seas,
Our progress is increasing fast,
While we sit at our ease."

"May Heaven grant my earnest prayer
'Of faith' may yet prevail,
And land us on the Dover coast,
Minus no oar or sail!"

"Ten minutes more we'll be in port,
Be sure I will not cry;
The tempest surges on our boat,
The waves are running high."

"Good Heavens, the wind has sheered
around,
Friend Works, what shall we do?"
"Drift back to Calais, I presume,
The course we must pursue."

"I leave it all with you, friend Works,
I'll do as you suggest,
I have the full assurance yet
'Twill all be for the best."

"If you are willing to obey,
And work with all your might,
Then seize the 'stroke oar' with both hands,
And pull for yonder light."

"And with our energies combined,
And God's help we'll recover,
The lost ground that we have sustained,
And land ourselves at Dover."

The Inside of a Boy.

The inside of the boy is both
Visible and audible,
At times arousing indignation
That really is not laudable.

The way he scatters things around
On the carpet and the mat,
Breaks a window pane, soils the lawn,
Sets the dog after the cat;

And in the way when he's not wanted,
And out of the way when needed,
A pent-up, jacketed cyclone,
Aye bursting to be speeded;

With ink-stained fingers, dirt-stained face,
Hard to keep in clothes and shoes;
And would much rather play than work
When he gets the will to choose.

Can such a boy become a Christian,
With legion whims within 'im?
Will Christianity take the "yell-
And play" out of, and win 'im;

And keep him out of mischief's path,
Make him an angel? we wot,
It will do nothing of the kind,
And thank God that it will not.

If such is your religion, please
Don't use it on your boys;
You'll find it is a big mistake
To quash their youthful joys,

Which are simply nature's forces
Working for your boy's good,
Pent-up forces within a small
Bundle of budding manhood.

Your boy has yet a deal to learn,
And he must be wisely taught,
By teaching wise and pure and strong,
Till his youthful mind is fraught.

Teachers must know the boy or fail,
Give him ample scope to grow,
His surplus energies exhaust,
Through nature's own valve they'll go.

Men say the boy's hard to control,
So would a steam engine too,
If left with pressure run up high,
And given no work to do.

Give boys lots of work to do,
But of a short duration;
They naturally are prone to change
Ev'n in their recreation.

Boys love excitement and adventure,
But cannot give the reason;
'Tis simply the ancient "viking"
A-working in his season.

Most boys have got a conscience keen,
Eye on incongruity;
Their teachers therefore must be clear,
Terse, in perspicuity.

Boys do possess a high regard
For sturdy manhood, and court
The brawny fellows who excel,
Champions in athletic sport.

Your boy has got a loving heart
Though he's not demonstrative;
And to be treated as a man—
To him's appreciative.

Use him well, feed him well, speak kind
Words, words void of alloy,
And you'll open up a channel
For Christ to reach your boy.

But mind such kindness must not be
Of the condescending sway,
But rather of the comrade type,
As a friend or chum you may

Make of your boy, and he's well nigh won;
By all means don't judge your boy
By things in him you do not love,
Your best efforts to destroy.

Get inside of him and you will find
What your boy really is;
Find out his good qualities, then
Contrast your own with his,
(As well as his) bad ones; not until
This is done will you succeed
His heart to hold in loving grip,
Or make him follow where you lead.



Santa's Speech.

All hail, young friends, I bring you cheer,
A Merry Christmas, Good New Year.
I heard your voices calling me,
When crossing th' Atlantic sea;
Think of the mountains, hills and snow
O'er which old Santa's got to go,
And visit every human soul
'Tween southern and the northern pole;
In four and twenty hours of time
He's got to pass through every clime
On Christmas eve, and once a year
He brings to all good Christmas cheer,
E'er since that memorable morn
On which the baby Christ was born.
'Twas then decreed that one be sent
In memory of the grand event,
Proclaiming as they did pass by
"All glory be to God on high,"
And from each mountain, hill and glen,
Cry, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."
A perfect "Jehu" in the chase,
I was appointed to the place,
With eye to scan beyond the seas,
And ear to reach the Antipodes.
A heart to feel the human woes,
A hand to liberally dispose;
A span of reindeer—not Giraffe,
Can keep abreast the telegraph;
And ere sunrise on Bethlehem's plain
I must be at my home again,
And can't afford one moment's pause;
Good night, remember Santa Claus.

The Legend of Forepaw.

In the "eighties" our legend starts,
When settlers hailed from many parts
To "baby-towns" in their long skirts
 As new beginners,
God only could discern the hearts
'Tween saints and sinners.

Among the latter we are told
Of one unscrupulously bold,
Aye on the alert to grasp and hold
 All to himself,
And stick at nothing bought or sold
 In search of pelf.

A profile bold, a snapping jaw
His betters seemed to overawe,
And save him from the courts of law
 Full many times,
With brazen front the man "Forepaw"
 Grabbed for the dimes.

With visage hard, unprepossessing,
And iron-lined lineaments expressing
A callous innate smile, repressing
 The moral law,
Such was the man, without digressing,
 The man "Forepaw."

Though well connected for a "crook,"
By some mischance or overlook
She his true character mistook,
 And pledged her troth,
Or by a matrimonial fluke
 Perchance 'twas both.

A goat-tee chin and wizened face,
Not birth-marks of degenerate race,
But aggravated by the chase
 Of selfish ends,
Made inroads on his frontal space
 Without amends.

With all his energies enchained
To selfish ends, he still remained
Financially gaunt, and ne'er attained
 The coveted goal,
But gradually, moreover, gained
 Leanness of soul.

The first work that he got to do
Was through a friend he after slew,
On whom he rather "Played the Jew,"
 With slanderous face,
Supplanted him with much ado
 And took his place.

Bad men are of short duration;
Anon he lost his reputation,
Followed by his situation;
 Graft, fraud and heeling,
He practised with immoderation
 And double dealing.

Callous minded, void of shame,
He launched right out in his own name,
Played for awhile "slick Aleck's" game
 Of variety,
Till in the law-courts he did gain
 Notoriety.

A failure made things somewhat tough,
To average men 'twould have been enough;
But Forepaw was of somewhat gruff
 And spurious mettle,
Akin to the tenacious stuff
 Inside the kettle;

Could change chameleon-like amain
As quick as any weather vane;
With him 'twas either break or gain,
 It might be both,
To take a "sit" at buying grain
 He was not loath.

There he gained much notoriety
As a man of much variety,
Including much impropriety

In word and deed,
And coupled with inebriety
Inordinate greed.

'Twas there he got his sobriquet,
Or time-honored epithet,
A title that did well befit
His grasping claw,
A grain-man made th' appropriate "hit"—
That of Forepaw.

But bad men never "come to stay,"
They, like the stormy winter day,
May for a time hold absolute sway
Notoriously,
As suddenly they pass away
Ingloriously.

Thus ended Forepaw's business sphere;
Some other course he now must steer;
To him no townsmen would give ear,
Though loud he vaunted
His fitness, but it was quite clear
He was not wanted.

Thus ostracized by business men,
Who to this bouncer said "amen"
Did not in sentiment refrain
To set him down
As having duly earned a fame
Of wide renown.

But Forepaw would not be put down,
Though business men did on him frown;
He turned his eyes upon the "crown"
Or government,
And from that source to seek renown
He now was bent.

Inordinate on his neighbor's chair
Did Forepaw fix his greedy glare,
For four long years, with envious stare,
From callous eyes,
To drive the victim from his lair
And seize the prize;

And failing to secure the prey
By hook or crook or common way
And through his party win the day,
 He was rejected,
And their good members' patience, pray,
 He almost wrecked it.

Ofttimes he'd urged them do his work,
And oust the hoary-headed clerk,
Who long his aims did mutely shirk
 And little said,
Though Forepaw oft had swung his dirk
 To cleave his head.

At length reduced to lowest base
Of human greed and selfishness,
In "Roblin's" hands he put his case,
 Ye Gods ! how sweet !
An order-in-council closed the chase—
 He got the seat.

MORAL

Then what has he gained at such a cost,
And how much has he left at the most?
He's got nothing left worthy to boast,
 But the wages of greed;
Character and reputation lost;
 Young men wisely take heed.

The Cock of the North.

The Cock of the North at length has come forth
From his roost of the long ago,
In government lap, he's had a long nap,
Scarcely ever permitted to crow.
His clarion blast, in the far-away past
Made speculation go forth,
And secure from the crown, a charter laid down
Of most incalculable worth.
This charter set forth that the Cock of the North
Be muffled and penned in a coop,
And made it a law, that he marry a squaw
And be kept immune from the roop; (poose,
And should he break loose, with his squaw and pa-
Must never allow him to crow,
As such a big fellow, with clarion so mellow,
Would let the whole world soon know
Of our glorious land, on the far-off strand,
Where Saskatchewan waters play,
And meandering coil, through a fertile soil,
Till immersed in the Hudson's Bay.
Wide apart are the homes, of our big Amazons,
From the Rocky Mountains go forth,
For long years concealed, now being revealed,
In the breast of the Cock of the North.
With pipe so long stuffed, and beak so long muffled,
With nuggets, raw hides and so forth,
From him our Dominion spread out her pinion,
Paying more than she thought it worth,
Throwing in with the rest, of our "great north-west"
The coop with the Cock of the North,
The palace-car passes, minus field glasses;
Scarcely e'en taking a look
O'er the prairie afar, at the big muffled star,
Left the Cock of the North in coop.
But time will not tether, in foul or fair weather,
"Old nature" rules in every clime,
So is it with right, that always proves might,
And that in the fullness of time,
While in his coop-prison, a new race had risen,
Of cockerel and pullet-half-breeds.

Though humble in merit, high-minded in spirit,
And social in each other's needs,
From a sire of renown, 'neath Britain's great crown,
Once moving in life's social van,
And by human law, he had married a squaw,
Scion of the "noble red-man."
"Though not thorough-bred, we ought to be fed,
"Things are getting worse every day;
"Would again we were where we got ample fare
"From the stores of the Hudson's Bay!
"Our rights we demand, in the deeds of our land,
"On the grounds of our loyalty,
"Our being half-breeds, must not cut off our needs,
"Nor yet bar out our loyalty.
"We've appealed to Sir John, but he never lets on,
"But treats with a silent contempt
"Our righteous demands for certain wild lands
"The breeds claim to us are exempt;
"But to cut our tale short, to arms we'll resort,
"E'en our coop has a foul-smell,
"We'll set things in order, and bring o'er the border
"Our veteran called Louis Riel."
This threat was not "hosh" as "Duck Lake" and
"Batoche"
Are ever a standing comment,
Will on history's pages, go down through the ages
The deeds of a bad government.
Though the fight they did quell, and string up Riel
'Twill never wipe out the foul stain, (shed,
On that government's head, rests the blood that was
Proclaimed by the bard of the slain;
Because of the strife and big loss of life
The people were never appeased,
Had they hanged more of themselves, and fewer Riels,
People would have been better pleased.
Neglected henceforth was the Cock of the North,
And left in his wearisome coop:
More than a decade, neglected he stayed,
At times at death's door with the roop. (cool,
Through ten years of misrule, his courage did not
But he cursed the Gods and the fates
At the huge migration, drawn from our nation,
Away to the United States.
A government exact like the "family compact,"

That once ruled in the by-gone years,
When 'twas boodle and pelf, for 'mine' and 'myself,'
Kept edge on the government shears.
"The way," sang the bard, "of transgressors is hard,"
When fates with the Gods intermix;
Thus with a fell swoop he did smash the old coop
On June twenty-third, ninty-six.
Thus did Laurier, on that memorable day,
Let loose the big Cock of the North,
Who showed his good sense, by mounting the fence,
And crowing for all he was worth,
So loud and so clear, that folks could him hear,
At the uttermost parts of the earth;
His pipe was so clear, that this big chanticleer,
With his loud hilarious calls,
That he did very soon raise a big landed boom
In the far-off city of St. Paul's; (pus,
From all points of the compass, he raised a big rum-
Exulting in his liberty,
That men of all nations, all ranks and all stations,
Looked up and came running to see;
And now see him sway, in his plumage so gay,
As our cities and railways go forth
Towards the Hudson hoar, and the Pacific shore,
All hail to the cock of the north!

First of April.

A merchant made a parcel neat,
And laid it out upon the street,
A lady came so smiling sweet,
A winsome smile,
Fell on the parcel at her feet;
O! merchant vile,

Of you it was most indiscreet
To cause your customers retreat
With frowning eyes and rapid feet,
E'en for a while,
With your attractive hidden cheat—
"First of April!"

A preacher next did heave in sight,
"A Stalwart" in the realm of "fight,"
With pace elastic, carriage light,
And pleasing air,
Countenance dignified and bright,
Seemed void of care;

Till that vile parcel touched his pride,
Disguise, though feigned, he could not
hide,
The deed was done and must abide,
And fairly fooled,
He hastened off with rapid stride
And courage cooled.

And many others were roped in,
And made to "say a swear within,"
By the naughty merchant who did grin
And laugh and roar,
At the feigned smiles and mixed chagrin
Outside his door.

Thos. Huggart.

Thos. Huggart is a Manitoba farmer and a noted weather prophet, but admits he was wide of the mark for once at least, when he remarked to the author, on that memorable, clear July day during the "rainy season," "We're going to have very little rain during the next two weeks," and before reaching home that day encountered a perfect deluge of rain.

Ah Tom, ah Tom, recall to mind
Thy prophecies are only wind!
I do not say you meant to lie
About the weather in July,
But confidently you did maintain
We would have very little rain.
If you got home both safe and sound,
Thank God you were not almost drowned,
And do not tempt him any more,
His hidden mysteries to explore;
As you extend in days and years
You'll learn how foolish it appears
To forestall aught we cannot see,
I tell you this 'tween you and me;
Then good-by friend, get wisdom duly
And I'll subscribe myself, yours truly,
(Signed) A. Ross.

Moral Goodness.

Kindly answer me the question,
On what grounds does goodness rest on?
And also tell us if you can,
The meaning of the term, "Good Man."

ANSWER.

The word of God, as understood,
Says none but "God alone is good."
Goodness in truth must be divine,
Therefore can ne'er be yours or mine.
It is the light that shines within
That saves the soul from guilt and sin.
But there is a moral goodness,
Or religion in the crudeness;
Therefore next to the grace of God
Is true morality abroad.
Religiously man can deceive
His fellow men in make-believe,
And ape the saint in name outright
And be consummate hypocrite,
In morals must be more discreet,
And therefore can't so easily cheat;
But no man can himself control
Minus God's grace within his soul.
'Tis true there are good imitations,
E'en though Christless malformations;
But malformations, all the same,
Professing Christians put to shame
In worthy deeds, in a good name,
And pride themselves in "life's big game."
As usage polishes the blade,
By usage character is made;
Destiny's sword's aye ready whetted,
We make our choice—we're sure to get it;
Though moral goodness in the soul
Is worthless at the final goal,
Yet to a Christless human race
It's been their one remaining grace,
Granted in Eden by the fates,
And brought by Adam through the gates.
'Twas moral goodness quenched the flame,

And helped to rule till Jesus came.
In confirmation let us borrow
The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah;
'Twas moral badness brought the flood,
'Twas moral badness in the bud
Did our humanity enthrall
In sin and death by Adam's fall;
Just watch the truly moral man
And all his actions closely scan,
His dealings with his fellow men,
So far as gauged by human ken
His personal habits chaste and clean,
Averse to all that's base and mean
He treats his neighbors as himself,
And shuns the very sight of self;
Is truthful, honest and upright
At home, abroad and out of sight;
He's got a character to make,
That needs close watching, 'sleep or 'wake,
As vile day-dreams impressions keep
That stain the mind e'en when asleep;
From the obscene he stands remote,
His promise is as good as note;
In conversation chaste and civil,
Hates credit as he hates the devil;
When necessities compel him to,
He pays if possible when due.
Such is goodness swayed by reason,
Very good when kept in season;
But when our autumn days are o'er,
And landed on time's fatal shore,
Our moral goodness, built on clay,
Before the floods is swept away:
Our ship is stranded on the snags,
Our righteousness but filthy rags.

The Good Old Farm.

To me there's a charm, found on the good old farm,
That is not to be found elsewhere,
In the city or the town, that with all their renown
With the old farm cannot compare.

The farmer is the man, who above all others can
Get the most and the best out of life,
With his work all well planned, has more time at his
command
And has less competitive strife:

And can always command of the best at first hand,
And at his own will can procure
The best for his table, and also for his stable
Unadulterated and pure.

O, for the early joys, we had when farmer boys
In the good days of long ago!
O! nights we did convene, in summer on the green
Or with our sleds 'mong winter's snow.

Arrayed all in a band, 'twas something truly grand,
Toboggans poised on summits high,
Anon all with a dash, quick as an arrow's flash,
Adown the mountain's side did fly.

Free as the mountain goat, flew downward our snow
boat,
And at the goal we lustily cheered;
No limb of law to curb, our hilarity disturb,
Or 'hidebound' citizens who interfered.

'Tis true we've got to toil, we yeomen of the soil,
But our work's of the noblest kind,
So near the Creator, in close touch with nature,
Ought to stimulate body and mind.

'Tis a fine May morning, the landscape adorning,
The farmer is early abroad,
Looks with dazzling eyes on a glorious sunrise
Proclaiming the glory of God.

What a panorama well worthy a drama,
And lauded in ballad and song!
His handsome plumed bipeds, and glossy quadrupeds,
He meets as he passes along;

The duck's rapid quack-quack, and the clocker's loud
cluck,

The gander's and goose's far cry,
And the coo of the dove, from the cot up above,
The swine's pleading grunt from the sty.

If in life's happy mood, all will tend for his good,
With the clam'rous throng he'll rejoice,
And hail the motley brood, as he deals out their food,
In his wonted familiar voice.

But with a man gnarled, wedded to the world,
And profane, he'll lift up his voice,
And he'll swear at the pup, tell the ducks to shut up,
"That deafening, bedlamic noise."

"Towse," taking for granted, his service is wanted,
Dashes after the old brood sow,
And the bristly old hog, he takes after the dog,
Reinforced by old Brindle, the cow.

Town Directory, 1895.

E. Hamilton's our high school master;
D. Hamilton puts on the plaster;
Revd's. McClung, Fraser, and George Gill
On Sundays do our pulpits fill;
T. J. Lamont's our town M. D.;
One blacksmith's name is Thos. Lee;
Rogers sells dry goods, teas and coffees;
Alexander keeps post office;
D. Williams and J. K. McLennan
Sell dry goods, cod, and haddock finnan,
Ben Englewain repairs the clocks;
Our miller's name is Jas. A. Cox;
James Telford Reid's our legal light;
One retired farmer's called John White;
'Tis G. A. Anderson that carries
The business on for Massey-Harris;
And S. L. Taylor sells the pills,
That sometimes cure and sometimes kill;
C. W. Barkwell is town baker;
Ed. Roberts is our undertaker;
Tom Roberts helps his brother Ed
Sell furniture and house the dead;
Joe Straube is town hardware man;
In athletics Paulin leads the van;
One livery's kept by Parker Brothers,
And John Perrie keeps the other;
Jas. Stevenson keeps the "Manitoba",
With parlor, dining-room and lobby;
Fred Rocket keeps the "Rocket House";
Our tailor's name is Harry House;
D. Harvie harness makes and collars,
Wat Smith irons wagons, sleighs and rollers
And general blacksmith shop controls;
His carriage maker's William Bowles;
Andrew Ross supplies the butcher meat;
Malcolm McClarty shoes the feet;
H. Watson, senior's health inspector;
James McAdam's tax collector;
Claude Somerville's mill engineer;
John Coulter is mill charioteer;
James Emmond sues for delinquent debts,

And William Frame does serve the writs;
Robson deals in lumber, lime and bricks;
Our station master's Wesley Hicks;
Will Carroll is our section "boss;"
Our veterinary is "Doc" Ross;
Ed Parker tends the barber's chair;
John Stauffer turns, makes cabinet ware;
Lou and Alf. Kindrey at the mill
Both do important places fill;
Robson, Brock, carpenters and joiners;
George Dale's prospector and miner;
Chris. Winkler makes tinware by spells;
Will Cochel digs and curbs up wells;
John Dietrich builds with lime and stone;
John Watson brings the cattle home;
In the big farmer's elevator
Joe Cooper is the commander;
The smaller's owned and operated
By Robert Samuel Alexander;
J. Ross and Ferris are grain buyers;
Smith's blacksmith help is Geordy Syers;
Tom and John Adair in town reside,
But farm a little way outside:
Joe Palmer farms and keeps the pound,
And Robert Bell he teams around;
And Walter Barkwell does advance
Each spring-time to his Northern ranch;
George Paterson, we cannot "fix,"
Save that his "forte" is politics;
D. Ross book-keeps and clerks for Straube;
A. Ross makes rhyme his leading hobby.

Seventy-fourth Birthday.

Lines suggested and written on the author's seventy-fourth birthday.

Getting lighter and lighter every day
In all that is of mortal birth,
In this frail tenement built out of clay,
Soon to return to mother earth.

But brighter and brighter along the way
Beams the eye of faith, not made of
clay,
But of the life eternal, giv'n to stay
And live through eternity's long day.

Three score and fourteen years, how long,
ah me!
It seems but yesterday we were boys,
For all the world just like the boys we see
Around us, 'midst their games and toys.

Some say the world is mending up her
"ways,"
And growing better all along;
Others revert back to "the good old days,"
And tell them plainly they are wrong.

Some say we're verging on a new career,
And starting from a new made goal,
That our old-time beliefs must disappear,
With new creeds and doctrines for the
soul;

That our old gospel faith is on the wane,
And that "the bread of life" is stale,
And must be re-baked over again,
And weighed upon a modern scale;

The gospel of Luther, Whitfield and Knox,
Baxter, Wesley, Chalmers and Hall
Has become obsolete, largely a hoax,
Tho' it fell from the lips of Christ and
Paul.

'Tis not the ignorant or the unwise,
Nor yet the illiterate swain,
But 'tis the learned men who do criticise
And the old gospel pages stain.

Cheer up, the good old gospel "came to
stay,"

And fails one jot or tittle, "never,"
Though the Heavens and earth do pass
away,

The word of God shall stand forever.